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January 1981 \$2.50

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STEPHEN KING**

HASHISH!

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the Best**

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on Nepalese**

**Smuggling
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Dope Rider

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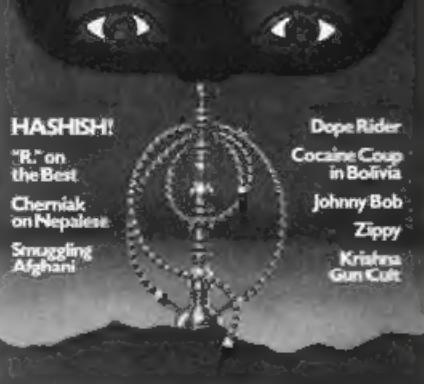
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HASHISH!

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Chemik
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Gun Cult

The eyes have it, and we bet you'd like some too. Be it Lebanese, Afghani or good ol' East Coast chicken man, hash is back and HIGH TIMES got some. **Cover** photo by Sid Hoeltzell and Jim Lisi.

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by Martha Thomas and
John Robert Tebbel
Meet the man who is scaring the
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Once more into the breach, dear
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Our thirst for knowledge (and a new
connection) led us to the foothills of
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Guns 'n' Ammo, Guns 'n' Ammo**

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Dope Rider

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by Dean Letimer

What are unwholesome thoughts of
prepubescent girls doing in a piece
on the Harlem Globetrotters? That's
our boy!

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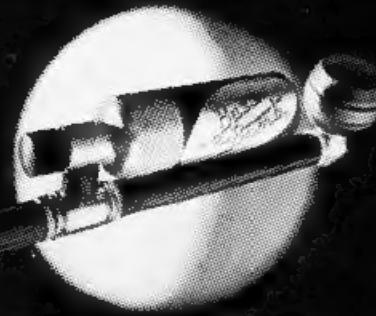
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Opinion.



quite comfortable in our Greenwich Village basement. We took a weird pride in the fact that no national magazine distributor would handle HIGH TIMES and more than 40 major printers wouldn't print it.

In those days we called ourselves "The Magazine of High Society." We said we were "the only magazine dedicated to getting high... really high." But there was always something more—a certain character. As founding editor Tom Forcade put it, "We're not just a magazine about things you put in your mouth."

It was never simple to figure out exactly what would work within the pages of the magazine. Okay, I admit some items were easy, but you would be bored silly if all we tried were the obvious ideas. Everyone involved with HIGH TIMES felt part of a conspiracy. Not only staff members and contributors but readers as well. That was part of the magnetism HIGH TIMES held for so many.

I spent more than two years away from the operations of the magazine. In the interim it became "The Magazine of Feeling Good." However, judging from the response (see "Letters," opposite), some loyal readers began to have doubts.

I returned with the luxury of a fresh perspective. There was one thing I noticed immediately—HIGH TIMES was slipping away from the conspiracy. Joggers were beginning to read the magazine.

Don't get me wrong. It's not that we're against feeling good. One of our goals is to put out a magazine that feels good to read; and we all feel fine, too, thank you. It's just that HIGH TIMES is a blend of so many things that I hesitate to label it with any one particular category.

We will continue to maintain our high standards of accurate reporting, quality writing, exciting graphics and expert contributors from both the mainstream and underground cultures. We will continue to say what we damn well please, no matter who we may piss off, because we know that is what you want to read. We will continue to print information and ideas that no other major national publication would touch. If you can't get that from HIGH TIMES, where can you?

"But what about that conspiracy?" you say.

I'm not referring to the conspiracy to turn children on to

The High Times Conspiracy

When I returned to HIGH TIMES recently it was almost six years to the day that I first helped launch it. We were fresh from the underground press and

marijuana, the JFK assassination or No Nukes. This is the freedom conspiracy. You may have another name for it, or you may not want any part of it; but even if we never mention it again, that is what HIGH TIMES is all about. However, worry not, because we intend to have a good time along the way and never to take anything so seriously that we can't laugh at ourselves.

There have been some new features added to HIGH TIMES lately, and some coming in the near future that we think you will enjoy:

GROW AMERICAN will cover the domestic pot scene, from botany to geography, from law to science, and from grower to you. It will keep you apprised of the latest developments on America's fastest growth industry.

SEEDS & STEMS is a complete humor magazine within a magazine. Each month we'll present death-defying lunacy and cartoons from the great, the near-great and the never-will-be-great.

FORMERLY DR. HIP is the latest incarnation of Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, fave rave of the underground press for his candid, witty and straight talk on health.

GETTING OFF covers the law, your rights and how to protect them. Nationally noted San Francisco-based criminal attorney Michael Stepanian shares knowledge gleaned from representing more innocent dope defendants than you could shake a Thai stick at.

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL will be expanded into a regular reader-service report on perhaps the most expensive, misunderstood, used and abused illicit substance you may stumble across. It will have detailed facts, photos, and street-wise information that may save your money or your health.

PLEASURES month after month will clue you in to the latest entertainment, products, recipes, hobbies, toys and assorted lifestyle trends that we want to be sure you know about.

This is where I get off and the magazine begins. Let us know what you think. We're sure going to let you know what we think.



Andy Kowl
Editor & Publisher

Letters.

To put it rather bluntly, your new format sucks. I picked up the latest *HIGH TIMES* and, lo and behold, some female Editor/Publisher ODs on crystal Drano, takes over a fine publication and subjects it to some twisted egot-out scherme to improve it. As I leafed through the pages I discovered that the "new" *HIGH TIMES* has as much substance (if not less) as any "teen scene" rag. Back at the editorial page I read how superherion [sic] Gabrielle has single-handedly rescued *HIGH TIMES* from the hippies. What an example of de-evolution.

—A Disappointed Reader,
Fredericksburg, Va.

PS. My mother likes your new format.

I for one am truly sick with sorrow to see the slow but sure as shit change come over the format of *HIGH TIMES*. The magazine that was once such a pillar of enlightenment for so many Americans has fallen victim to commercialism. I'm all in favor of the magazine acquiring a greater readership, it's just too bad it had to be done at the expense of everything *HIGH TIMES* was founded on. The people who read *HIGH TIMES* are concerned with what's happening in the world of dope and not with Bo Derek. Just remember, Gabrielle, if it hadn't been for those "burnt-out knee-jerking hippies," you might never have been invited to lend your expertise as the new Editor/Publisher.

—Greg Smith,
Salt Lake City, Utah

What is this shit! The new format deep-throats Johnny Wadd. Worse than the explosive variety of diarrhea that leaves your colon flapping out your splash-drenched ass. Wormshit. What next? *HIGH TIMES* previews the new "wet-look" rolling papers?

—Name Withheld, Bronx, N.Y.

I'm the owner of a headshop that sells your magazine. It has always been a good magazine. This letter is in regards to your August "Opinion" and what you said about aging hippies. It really pissed me off. If it wasn't for us this magazine could

never have come to be. So many people like you, Gabrielle, have put the hippie down, forgetting what we did for the growth of this nation. —An Aging Hippie, Tulsa, Okla.

What the fuck happened? I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the August issue. Gone were the lengthy interviews, not to mention the humor and sex. No more about the killer shit grown in this country. I'm glad that the Market Quotations didn't meet with your ax. Is this the new censorship of today? Shape up baby, before we survey us another Editor/Publisher.

—Thoroughly Disgusted,
Long Beach, Cal.

In a recent issue you put in a section called "Roll 'Em," featuring disco fashions. What the hell for? I buy *HIGH TIMES* quite frequently, not to see the latest in *disco* paraphernalia. Piss on disco. Leave "styles" to the other mags. Gabrielle, you inherited a great magazine; please keep it that way.

—Melody Shea, Las Vegas, Nev.

I'm one of those burnt-out knee-jerk hippies who has enjoyed *HIGH TIMES* for the last six years. During this time it never occurred to me that you'd sell out; but you did. The first issue to turn me off was August. Gabrielle, I've read and reread your "Opinion" column and still wonder what you're trying to say. It seems you forgot that most of your readers are either drug users or drug dealers. I'm sure you're a great Editor/Publisher but maybe you should be working for another magazine.

—C.R.,
Clearlake Highlands, Cal.

Jesus said: My doctrine is not mine but his that sent me (John 7:16-17). Gabrielle Schang, counselor of The Counselor, our Friend and our Song it seems you are after a new American Dream.

—L.H. Smith, Concord, Cal.

Gabrielle is gone. For further comment see "Opinion," opposite. □

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This issue marks the HIGH TIMES debut of veteran investigative journalist **Michael Dorgan**. Born and raised in



Wisconsin, the cheese capital of our nation, Michael and his lovely wife Lydia (who's French, by the way) now call San

Who's

Francisco home. Beginning his career as a cub reporter for the nationally known *Capital Times*, Michael then went on to work for the notorious *Madison Press Connection*. He now ekes out a living spewing spitout for the California News Bureau. These last few months have found him sucking up rice balls and incense as he doggedly stalks the Krishna Connection.

After seeing *Carrie* and *The Shining* and reading all those spooky books, we figured we'd better send two people over to interview Stephen King. Smart cookies that we are, we dispatched newlyweds **Martha Thomases** and **John Robert Tebbel**. We got two reporters for the



Jane Schreiman

price of one—and, talk about icing on the cake, got them both back alive! Which was really good for them, too, 'cause they've just started putting out a great new nonfiction humor mag called *Comedy*, and, as everybody knows, it's real hard to put out a humor magazine if you're dead. Ha, ha!

"Whoever said 'Stone walls do not a prison make' never spent any time at the federal penitentiary," groans **R. David Holdaway**, who contributed this month's

high?

story on hash smuggling. Holdaway, or as he's known to his friends, 00785M, has spent the last year in jail and he figures he's got four more to grind out before he's released. We're sure he'd love hearing from any and all H.T. readers. No samples please.

Combining gun fetishism with a flair for the Orient is manly **Paul Kirchner**,



creator of the infamous Dope Rider. Though Kirchner's work has appeared in numerous magazines throughout the years, he calls *Heavy Metal* home, and regularly feeds them the outpourings of his depraved imagination. An old HIGH TIMES favorite, welcome back Dope Rider.

Capt. Bo Redux: At first we thought the big shots were having sport with us. Cruel bastards, they'd done it before, taunting and teasing us about the return of **Robert Martin Sacks**, former HIGH TIMES vice-president and production manager and the only man ever to be gang raped by a group of heavily armed Catholic high school girls. Having devoted nearly all his adult life to the alternative press, and hailed by many as the world's leading authority on printing dope, Sacks stands a veritable King Kong in the rarefied realm of drug journalism. With his unavailed technical knowledge of magazine production and the even-mindedness of the old Mahatma, it's wonderful to have the Captain back. □



Mick Rock

STRAIGHT TALK

Some Cookie-Can Companies and Crock-Pot Manufacturers have made a lot of claims, recently. They claim to have a Prettier Machine than we have. They claim their machine is cheaper than ours, they even claim to Maximize; what they don't claim is that they ISOMERIZE. They don't claim it because they don't do it!

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Connoisseur.

The Holy Land of Hash by "R."

It's hard to be a hash connoisseur in America. Unless you know someone in the trade you just don't get to see—or afford—the kind of variety they have in Europe. On the other hand, it's hard to be a grass connoisseur in Europe, since they hardly see any cannabis *but* hash.

And so it was truly an epoch-making event when your U.S. grass connoisseur sat down with a European hash connoisseur. We smoked up a storm big enough for both hemispheres of the world. When the smoke had cleared we'd spoken of many matters, only some of which can be retrieved from the remotest hemisphere of my brain. But there was one thing the European hash connoisseur told me about, one thing we smoked, which I'll never forget—Afghani hash.

Never forget it, because it confirmed an instinctive judgment your homegrown connoisseur had made over the years, but which he had hesitated to publish, because he lacked in hash the total confidence, the breadth of experience and authority he brought to his judgments about grass.

But now that the European connoisseur confirmed it I can declare it with confidence: At its best, there's no hash in the world that beats Afghani.

Don't think we came to this conclusion without devoting a fair amount of time to defining the personalities of the other hash varieties. We spoke sadly of the Lebanese problem. How once Red Leb and Blonde Leb had been the Dubonnet twins of hash, enticing and seductive, aromatic aperitifs. Once the Lebs would lift the spirits, increase the sensual appetites and the pleasures of fulfillment. But alas, the Lebs of today lack that luster. Somehow instead, a Leb smoking session these days can leave you feeling enmeshed in a thick syrupy stupor, immobilized rather than ennobled.

Next we mourned Moroccan. Yes, if you were lucky to get a rare primo piece, Moroccan could still conjure up an enchanting trancelike magic in the cortex. But years of exporting Moroccan to Europe, where they mix it with strong tobacco for what I consider a sickening, numbing buzz, had lowered the expectations and the quality of the export Moroccan market. Most Moroccan now is more like muddy incense than the exotic



Afghani insurgents: They fight so we may smoke.

elixir that makes the magic melodies the *joujouba* pipes play high up in the Atlas mountains.

Once even mid-level Moroccan could promise at least a delicious bedazzled decadence, but now most Moroccan highs are the kind that inspire little more than lying around, leaving you too wasted for the more interesting forms of dissipation.

As for Pakistani hash, well, some have a taste for it, but the European connoisseur and I felt that most of the stuff you see is too frail, flowery and insubstantial, not too weak, but too *thin*, if you know what I mean.

Of course we couldn't ignore the spiritual nobility of Nepalese. If you were lucky enough to get your hands on some

of the real stuff, some temple balls could really set those temple bells ringing inside your head. You could find yourself, within the space of a single puff, soaring way out there on the curved surface of space time, listening to the music of the spheres and watching several thousand lifetimes spin by inside your eyelids. But a Nepalese trip can be so heavy, such a knockout, so relentlessly spiritual sometimes, that many shy away from regular indulgence, and most of the real thing never gets beyond the borders of Nepal itself.

At last we come to the best. Why did the cannabis connoisseurs of two continents agree so totally on the triumph of Afghani? The European connoisseur had brought along a particularly potent

sample, for one thing. This one had a particularly beautiful color to it. While most Afghani's I'd seen before had complex colorations on close inspection—brown on the surface but delightful, flowery, gold green within—this particular sample glowed with a deep pure gold luster within its earthy brown matrix.

It glowed in the hand, it glowed in the pipe, and yes, it glowed into a golden radiance in the head.

The European connoisseur and I quickly agreed that this luminous uplift, this serene, soaring feeling so special and uncanny, was peculiar to Afghani.

There's something about a single puff or two of the best Afghani that can take you on a breathtaking flight, not out of this world like Nepalese, but to the most rarefied altitudes in this world, to the peaks of the slopes upon which the plant first flowers.

It's as sensual as the best Moroccan with the lighthearted lift of the best blond Leb, the flower-power passion of Pakistani at its best, the intensity of Nepalese without its spiritual solemnity.

A little Afghani can straighten up your posture, get you breathing in the delightful potentials of this world, not the next universe. (Maybe they'll have some Afghani of their own in that next universe and you'll get there in good time anyway.) It gets you up, active, moving, dancing—celebrating creation, not merely contemplating it.

And of course who can forget that Afghanistan has contributed more than mere hash to the cannabis culture. Afghani seeds have revolutionized the California sinsemilla growing industry in the past five years. Pure Afghani-indica "hash plant" sinsemilla and sativa-indica blends such as Thai-Afghani have taken California crops to heights never before achieved.

And a true, extraspecial treat, a taste which I've been privileged to try but once in my life, is the rare advent of Afghani grass actually grown in Afghanistan. Hardly any reaches the States, but when it does you don't have to be a connoisseur to know you've scored a coup worth celebrating.

And while we're on the subject, let's celebrate the struggle of the brave Afghani freedom fighter against the stupid Soviet coup. Many of the hash growers are in the front lines of the fight, while others use the smugglers' wisdom of centuries to turn the tortuous mountain passes into fortresses and supply lines for the rebels.

Indeed, just as powerful Vietnamese pot helped its people repel outside invaders, so too will the Afghani hash do its part in the independence struggle of its nation. We may have to wait a little longer, pay a little more for the next shipment, but freedom is a high worth fighting for. □

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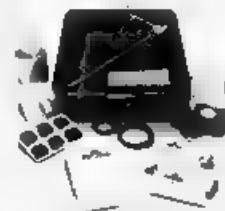
STONE AGE says: "... it's for people who want all the work done for them... four plants were growing in that Hydropot... their two nutrients are specially formulated for growing marijuana plants."

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High society.



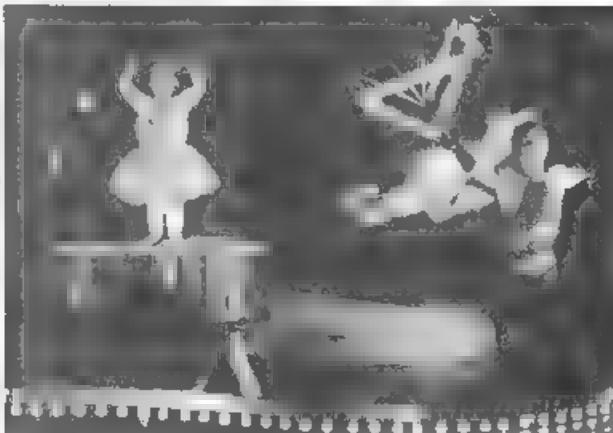
Linda Ronstadt will sleep alone tonight . . . unless you help! "It really is lonely at the top," Linda has lamented with a straight face. "That's not just a cliche. I need a real man and a real movie-type love affair. I'm lonely and I'm bored." Cry no more, Linda. Resumes from sincere male well-wishers are now being accepted by the HELP LINDA matchmaking panel at *High Times*. Send all pertinent information and a personal snapshot to HELP LINDA, c/o *High Times* Magazine, P.O. Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, NY. 10003. All responses will be forwarded to her manager. Be brief but imaginative. "I make a million dollars, or whatever the hell it is, each year," offers the forelorn songstress, "and . . . have a big house in Malibu and a big career." Linda Ronstadt is 34.



Eldridge Cleaver will sleep alone tonight... in the bosom of Abraham. Brother Eldridge he say de wummin-critter in de hoomin species, she be up to puttin' contra-conceptions on all de men-critters, fo' to take an' "trap" de sperm ob de men-critters! "The dwelling place of God is in the male sperm," say Brother Eldridge. So he done whump up "The Guardians of the Sperm" in Oakland, what so by'm by dem wikkid wimmin-critters, dey all gone be preg-nunt! So far though, it's been tough finding anyone with a head on his shoulders to join



Small society.



Larry Sloman sleeps alone tonight... and even so, we're running this absurd still from *Anti-Clock*, an avant-garde movie that was promoted by two enchanting British women who thoroughly beguiled the *High Times* editor, but left him twisting slowly, slowly in the wind



Carrie Hamilton sleeps with her eyes open... and you would, too, if your mother threatened to have you committed every time you lit up a joint. Here we see Carrie in happier days, with famous mother Carol Burnett, after her successful detoxification in the Little Sisters of Beverly Hills Brainwashing and Electroshock Negative Biofeedback Academy for Amotivational Children. Carrie has since relapsed. Wonder why

Getting Off!

Dealing with Informers

by Michael Stepanian

Just because you ask a person if he's an undercover agent or an informer and he says no, it doesn't mean he's *not* an undercover agent or informer. Even if he has long hair, wears faded jeans, acts like an asshole, smokes *and* deals dope.

There are various kinds of informers and according to their degrees of reliability, varying amounts of corroboration they need to bring down a bust. The "reliable tested informer" (someone the cops know and have used before) can bury you single-handedly. This type of informer usually works the controlled buy. A controlled buy is made by someone who is searched outside the place where the buy is made to make sure they don't have any drugs on them when they go in, goes in to make the buy, and comes out to give the drugs to the cop. The cops can then go get a search warrant and then make an arrest based on that information.

Citizen informants (people not working in conjunction with the police) are usually presumed reliable and they also need no corroboration. That is, of course, unless there is some reason to doubt their disinterestedness in a particular situation.

An anonymous, untested or unreliable informer has to be corroborated by

independent information for a probable cause to arrest or to have a search warrant issued. An anonymous tip is sufficient to cause an investigation, interview or questioning of suspects, but not their arrest. Most important, it can afford the cops an opportunity to sneak a peek.

Like the anonymous untested informer, a *known* untested informer's information also needs corroboration. One untested informer, though, is usually insufficient to corroborate another. The corroborating information in this case must be independent, like some physical evidence or surveillance backing up the informers' allegations coming from unrelated sources.

There are many reasons for people turning over (becoming informers). Some defendants don't know their case isn't worth shit, so they turn and testify for the government. Sometimes lawyers themselves turn clients over, because it looks bad when they blow a case, and they're afraid of losing money and their reputations. And some people turn over because they just can't face the idea of going to jail. But once they turn, informers learn the value of the government's promises of protection, money, immunity and relocation. The cops and prosecutors have no respect for

informers so they renege on these promises and treat informers like garbage. Yet once they turn over, the cops never let them go. They're threatened and hounded, literally for the rest of their lives. They're squeezed till they're dry and then squeezed some more. It's a very bad situation to turn over, and it's a punk lawyer who allows it to happen, because he's greedy and lazy and doesn't want to fight the case.

Now, undercover agents are a whole different breed; quite simply they're stone pros. One should not be fooled by their appearance or their lingo. It's a good bet that a bust is gonna go down when: there's a money man supposedly from another state who's brought in on the deal; when the drugs aren't weighed up front, or the money isn't counted; when an unknown contact number is given (it's probably a narcotics office); when there are too many conversations between buyer and seller; when it's insisted that the sales be made before dark, when sales shoot from grams to pounds in a matter of days; when the whole transaction takes on the aura of a first-class tension convention.

Remember, it's written on the walls of more than one federal penitentiary: Dealing dope to the feds can be extremely hazardous to your health. □



Gil Freedman

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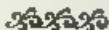
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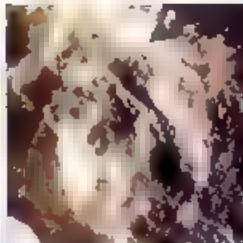
Quick: What day is it in Bolivia?



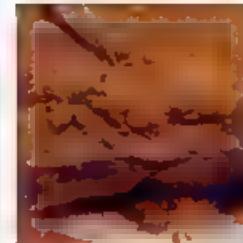
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LATEST
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Jan. '81
No. 65

BOLIVIA: COCAINE AND CORRUPTION

by Antonio Huneeus

LETICIA, COLOMBIA—Dope millionaire "Mosca" ("the Fly") Monroy was suddenly released from jail in La Paz, Bolivia, on the day of the bloody "Cocaine Coup" there last July 17. Fresh from several months on the block for coordinating one of Bolivia's most efficient and murderous snort syndicates, Mosca was seen on the day of the coup leading a squad of armed thugs in a raid on the Bolivian Workers Union, where Socialist presidential candidate Marcelo Quiroga was murdered and labor organizer Juan Lechin kidnapped. "Mosca," who was reportedly released on orders from coup leader Gen. Luis Garcia Meza, later the same day bazooka'd a La Paz radio station from which Jesuit broadcasters were transmitting minute-by-minute developments in the violent military takeover of Bolivia.

The complicity of cocaine traffickers with the brutal military faction that took over Bolivia last summer is thoroughly documented. Garcia Meza's takeover was substantially funded. U.S. senator Dennis DeConcini (D-Ariz.) has testified, by top Bolivian coke mover Jose Abraham Baptista, whose inoculation of illegal coca dollars into the Bo-

livian economy has kept the country uneasily afloat for years; Bolivia's legal tin and copper industries are so deeply in debt to foreign banks, especially the International Monetary Fund, that illegal cocaine money is virtually the only capital that stays in the country after entering it. Given Bolivia's exceptional political

continued on page 23



His Ughness, Gen. Luis Garcia Meza.

DEA INFORMANT HALL BEATEN TO DEATH

Richard Hall, the owner and operator of Buckeye Scientific Company in Columbus, Ohio, who was exposed in November's HIGH TIMES as an informant for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, was beaten to death in a Columbus parking lot in early September. Hall, who operated his mail-order chemical business largely through HIGH TIMES classifieds, was known to have cooperated with the DEA in apprehending his

own customers for drug-manufacturing offenses. He was killed about a month before the exposé reached the newsstands. The murder, according to initial reports, was unrelated to Hall's history as a DEA informant.

A 26-year-old Columbus man was charged with the murder, and at press time, authorities officially believed the motive was robbery. According to Franklin County prosecutor Jeff Glasgow, the

accused murderer told police he fought with Hall after Hall had called him "a nigger." Glasgow said he had been unaware of any connection between Hall and the DEA and added that "unless something unusual happens," he did not expect to investigate that link.

An attorney at the Franklin County Public Defender's office representing the defendant refused to discuss the case.

VIET VET ACQUITTED ON SMUGGLING CHARGES

"THE WAR MADE ME DO IT"

A Vietnam veteran, who claimed his battle experience forced him to seek a life of continued high risk, was acquitted by a federal jury in Boston recently on charges that he smuggled three tons of hash into the United States. The jury agreed with expert witnesses in the case that Michael Tindall, a helicopter pilot, had been suffering from "Vietnam syndrome" and was innocent by reason of temporary insanity.

Tindall admitted his part in bringing drugs from Morocco to Gloucester, Massachusetts, in a conspiracy with several other men, including two former members of his

unit in 'Nam. In acquitting him, the jury accepted the argument, presented by Boston attorney Joseph Oteri, that six months of documented deliberate criminal activity, which involved much planning and forethought, was the result of a temporary mental illness.

Meanwhile, Peter Krutschewski, one of the most decorated army pilots of the war, was tried in a separate courtroom in the same federal building in Boston. Krutschewski was charged with

involvement in the same smuggling conspiracy and used the same defense, but was convicted. According to Oteri, however, Krutschewski's counsels called only one expert witness to argue for the Vietnam syndrome defense, while Oteri called four in Tindall's defense.

Krutschewski earned 55 medals in Vietnam, including two Bronze Stars and two Distinguished Flying Crosses. He was accused of being the "organizer, supervisor and manager" of the smuggling operation.

Vietnam syndrome is recognized as a temporary emotional affliction by both the Veterans Administration and the American Psychiatric Association. It has been used successfully in legal defenses before, but, according to Oteri, always in cases involving violent crimes, and never in respect to illegal activities carried out over so long a period of time.

Typically, Vietnam syndrome begins with a period of depression and withdrawal that can last from months to years following release from combat duty. Emerging from this state, its victims commonly follow one of three courses: suicide, engaging in violent crime, or, as it is theorized with Tindall and Krutschewski, attempting to revive the tension and excitement of battle by pursuing danger and intrigue. In so doing they sometimes join forces, or at least attempt to join forces, with their former comrades in war.

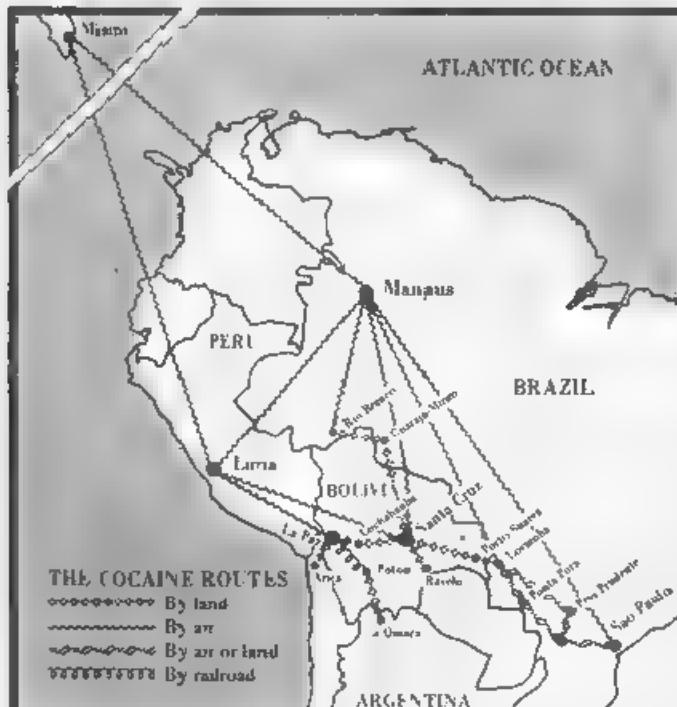
Following the trial, Oteri told *High Times*, he did not expect the Vietnam syndrome defense to be used in many more trials, because so much time has elapsed since troops returned from Vietnam. He said it was possible, though, that many veterans now serving time for criminal offenses would file writs of habeas corpus, arguing that they had committed crimes as a result of the illness, but lacked a proper defense at the time of conviction because the condition was not recognized.

INTRODUCING THE BRAZILIAN CONNECTION

by Segundo Sombra

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL—Coke prices skyrocketed and purity plummeted this fall after the bust of Renato de Souza Santos, or "Tonelada"—Spanish for "ton," said to be the quantity in which de Souza customarily moved his Bolivian toot consignments. De Souza's apprehension by Brazilian feds was part of a coordinated sweep of Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Belém and Manaus, which netted 32 snort movers and 18 kg's of pure. The burgeoning Brazilian coke traffic, the cops reported, had afforded de Souza the single most luxurious penthouse in Rio, and was supporting 25 of the most prominent families in Manaus.

The emergence of Manaus, far up in the Amazon watershed, as South America's coke capital, occurred just within the past couple years. The cops raided two sumptuously outfitted coke labs in Manaus, operated mainly by Colombian chemists who'd been driven south across the border after aggressive crackdowns in the Cauca-Popayán area by Colombian narco. Colombia is working aggressively to clean out the coke trade,



industry sources allege, because they intend to legalize marijuana in the near future; so the Bogotá government's making a big show of chasing out the very coke movers with whom it had previously collaborated, in order to look as clean as possible when the new *marimba* laws are passed.

So a complex network has developed out of Manaus. Some coke is muled out of Bolivia by land across Paraguay to Rio, to serve the luxurious "carioca" market of the big coastal cities. Most, though, is flown to Manaus for final refinement in the labs there, and then moved to Miami.

NARCS SCORE 20 TONS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

In early September a task force of narcotics from at least eight law-enforcement agencies seized 20 tons of weed at San Francisco's Pier 26 and arrested 21 people in one of the most bizarre drug cases in recent years. Ten Americans and six Colombians were arrested in the early morning raid on the alleged off-loading operation, and five more people were eventually hauled in as the original San Francisco charges were dropped in favor of federal conspiracy indictments filed in San Diego.

The conspiracy indictments, the result of months of investigation by various agencies, included allegations that the accused conspirators had planned to import 4,000 pounds of cocaine (almost ten times the record amount ever seized in the United States); the front for the off-loading operation in San Francisco was a dummy charitable group called the Crippled Children's Society of America; and one of the indictees, John Early, a contributing editor of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, had hired six special forces veterans who were to be uniformed and armed, and would "dig in" and guard an airstrip where the cocaine was to be delivered by DC-3.

Also seized in the Bay bust were a semi-trailer truck and two yachts: the *Valkyure*, which contained the 20 tons of Colombian smoke, and the *Potomac*, the historical presidential yacht of Franklin Del-



For those less fortunate: A rented truck in the service of the "Crippled Children's Society of America" was seized with a portion of the contraband already on board.

ano Roosevelt—all bearing the banner of the Crippled Children's Society. It was not clear what role the *Potomac* was to have played in the smuggling operation since no drugs were found on board.

An inside informant and an infiltrating undercover narc from the Riverside, California, Police Department were central to the investigation, which was coordinated by U.S. attorney Ray Edwards of the San Diego office of the Justice Department. In addition to the Riverside cops and justice officials, the network of dope chasers included the Drug Enforcement Administration, U.S. Customs, the Coast Guard, the California State Bureau of Narcotics, the California Highway Patrol, the Los Angeles Police Department and the San Francisco Police Department.

An informant in the case

reported visiting "drug dealer's heaven" in Colombia where he saw 400 tons of marijuana, \$11 million in cash and about 4,000 pounds of a "white, powdery substance" in 18 55-gallon drums.

The climax of the investigation came when a Coast Guard helicopter hovered over the *Valkyure*, its floodlight illuminating the pier area. Agents then swept in from all sides, seizing the alleged importers and their precious cargo, some of which had already been loaded into the waiting semi.

Among those arrested were Edward Daley, 48, a Long Beach attorney who had run for city attorney in 1975, and William Montgomery, 51, of La Mesa, California, a former client of Daley's who was described by one source as a "charismatic con man." The Crippled Children's Society of



Customs officer George Walters mugs for the media with one of the bales of confiscated weed in the trailer of the seized truck.

America, incorporated in Phoenix early in 1980, apparently to serve as a front for moving dope, was reportedly Montgomery's brainchild. Daley, well known in California legal circles, was described by a colleague as "well known and loved in the Long Beach community."

Following the bust, the *San Francisco Examiner* reported that a dockside squabble between Customs and the DEA over jurisdiction had allowed two men, described as "high rollers," to walk off the *Valkyure* with two suitcases containing 96 pounds of cocaine. The two men then left the scene in an automobile, the *Examiner* said, and managed to shake a DEA tail. No cocaine was seized in the raid.

San Francisco attorney Nancy Roscoe, who represents one of the defendants, described the *Examiner* story as "completely insane" and insisted, "There was never any cocaine on the boat." She said two people did indeed leave the boat with suitcases and were later arrested. "But," Roscoe maintained, "those suitcases did not contain cocaine." U.S. attorney Ray Edwards confirmed that two men who had left the scene with suitcases were later arrested, but he would not comment further on the *Examiner* story.

Bail for defendants in the conspiracy case ranged from \$20,000 for one of the Colombians, to \$2 million for Gregory Sperow (at first identified as Dennis Sparkman), 30, about whom little was known but who was thought to be a leader in the operation.



Narc stevedores. Drug agents in work clothes got some healthy exercise off-loading burlap bundles of prime weed from the captured *Valkyure* at Pier 26.

BOLIVIA'S COCAINE COUP D'ETAT

continued from page 19

instability over the last few decades of mounting international indebtedness, it was only a matter of time before some political faction aligned solidly with the coke movers and took over the country. Garcia Meza has now done precisely that.

Garcia's prime henchman, Interior Minister Col. Luis Arce Gomez (formerly intelligence chief), runs a small private airline on which consignments of toot are regularly flown out of Bolivia by privileged mobsters, to Panama, the last staging point before it's smuggled to the United States; last year, overzealous Panama narcs impounded a

plane from Arce's company that was carrying 225 pounds of pure coke. It was in a crash of one of Arce's planes last year that the entire staff of former president Hernan Siles Zuazo was killed. Siles himself, by luck, had canceled out of the flight at the last moment.

The minister of education under Garcia was also involved, in 1979, in the seizure of 100 kg's of blow in Panama, the minister's name, appropriately, is Col. Ariel Coca.

The July 17 Cocaine Coup was a violent break with Bolivia's long history of notably peaceful political instability. The country has had 189 "coups" in less than 150 years, most of them merely involving

the forced reshuffling of top government figures, with minimal effect on citizens' daily lives. In 1980, however, a free election brought Siles Zuazo, a nonmilitary political moderate, to power; dictator Roberto Videira in neighboring Argentina, accordingly, sent in some 200 terrorism experts from the dreaded Mechanic School of the Navy to train right-wing Bolivian paramilitary squads for the overthrow of the Siles government.

The cocaine mafias were only one element in the coalition of fascists and mobsters that backed up Garcia Meza's coup. The Bolivian air force, Garcia's loyal military faction, has worked for years with the "Fascist International," a global organization of rabid rightists that comprises ex-Gestapo agents associated with Interpol, exiled military figures from the Franco regime, intelligence chiefs from Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay and Chile—and with spies and arms merchants from the Republic of South Africa and Taiwan.

Dozens of paramilitary vigilante squads struck with coordinated action on the day of the coup. Hundreds of political activists, labor organizers, students and journalists were rounded up and jailed in spots all over the country. The toll grew into thousands within weeks: prisoners were tortured and murdered by the military, which also raided villages at random, raping and murdering civilians, burning whole neighborhoods, and conducting mass executions at mass grave sites. According to Amnesty International, when the mining town of

Caracoles put up resistance, Garcia's troops went in with tanks, artillery and jets.

The shock terror tactics of this organized right-wing take-over virtually abolished news reports from Bolivia. Correspondents from the Associated Press, NBC, Reuters and the Voice of America were immediately rounded up and held incommunicado on "suspicion of spying." American journalist Mary Helen Spooner, who had been investigating Garcia's coke connections, was immediately busted by Colonel Arce himself: "If I failed to give them what they wanted, who were my news sources. I would be killed or mutilated," she reported later. Spooner was only released after London's *Economist* and *Financial Times*, in which her exposures had appeared, printed statements, under duress, that her charges were unfounded.

Thus the unusual phenomenon has emerged of a right-wing takeover in South America being totally condemned by the U.S. government—thanks entirely to Garcia's coke connections. The U.S. State Department, cutting off antidope project funds, says it has "reached the conclusion that we have no basis to expect the cooperation from the Bolivian authorities that makes it worthwhile to continue the program." Even the Drug Enforcement Administration refuses to work with Garcia's thugs.

High Times, meanwhile, has established communications with the Bolivian underground, led by Siles. In a future issue, we intend to run a complete exposé on the Cocaine Coup and its aftermath.



Bolivian troops and tanks patrolled the perimeter of San Andres University in La Paz following the July coup. The institution was closed by the new government to prevent educated dissidents from congregating. Leon Trotsky, Karl Marx and V.I. Lenin observe the scene from a poster in the background.

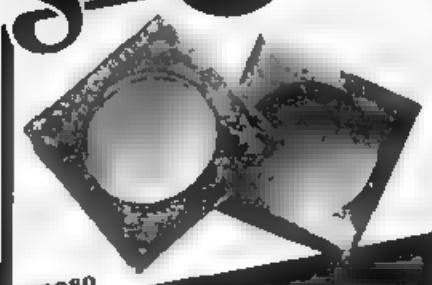
HASH PASTRIES BLITZ KRAUT NARCS

A German narc was suspended from active duty recently after he served up a dessert of hash sweet rolls at a drug-squad picnic in Wiesbaden. The potent pastry apparently didn't agree with the authoritarian personalities of the dope Gestapo: Some of them fainted; others suffered what an interior-department spokesman described as "fear of death," and six, in all, ended up in the hospital.

The accused officer had taken, authorities claimed, 300 grams of the concentrated cannabis from the police depository in Frankfurt. The offending officer, according to official reports, remained at the grilled-trout-and-beer cookout just long enough to see his 26 colleagues get off. No word yet on whether the suspended officer received more severe punishment for his prank. Some people just can't take a joke.



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DRUG FIRMS BLUNDER ON WITH PHONY THC SCAMS

While evidence mounts that pure delta-9 THC may be comparatively inefficient at reducing nausea and eyeball pressure, commercial drug companies are still working feverishly to concoct and research synthetic analogues to THC. The analogues are not being developed to improve on THC, however, but in fact to duplicate or emphasize its action as closely as possible.

The quest for synthetic THC by the big drug companies is mainly motivated by the fact that THC itself, since it occurs naturally in marijuana plants, is unpatentable, and hence couldn't be profitably merchandised even if it were legal. Thus,

for years now, companies like Eli Lilly (producers of Darvon, Nernbutal, and so on) have been doing extensive private research on developing a drug sufficiently similar to THC to be effective, but sufficiently dissimilar to be trademarked.

The most celebrated Lilly pseudo-THC so far was Nabilone (see "Highwitness News," February 1979). Lilly lab techs promoted Nabilone as a drug with all the antinausea and intraocular effects of THC, but free of the accompanying "high." The drug was rushed into experiments on humans, where it was found to be equally as psychotropic as THC—before its testing had to be abruptly discontinued, because animals given Nabilone began dropping dead from "unexplained" causes.

Since Nabilone was being tested by a private drug company, which enjoys confidentiality in all its dope research, the death of the lab animals may never be fully explained. Recently, however, a re-

continued on page 26

SCIENCE MARCHES ON

POT TEST CONDEMNED BY ITS OWN INVENTOR

WOKING, ENGLAND—The government's blood test for detecting marijuana metabolites in the bodies of auto drivers may be discontinued shortly—because, in the judgment of the very scientist who developed it ten years ago, the test is simply too precise.

The most dramatic challenge so far against the cannabis road test involves a 17-year-old Woking youth who was convicted of complicity in an auto accident, on the grounds that his blood later turned up a "positive" by the cannabis test. The youth protested that he had never even seen any kind of cannabis in his life before, and could certainly not have been under its influence when arrested. The test itself seems to support this contention by default, it turned up only 23 molecules of cannabis in his bloodstream per billion molecules of blood. Such an infinitesimal trace of cannabis would be far too tiny to have any psychoactive effect at all in any human being. It may have inadvertently gotten into the youth's body simply by his walking past a pot smoker and inhaling a whiff of smoke. Yet the youth—and thousands like him every year—faces a one-year license suspension and a stiff fine, simply because the blood test turned up "positive."

Prof. Vincent Marks, who developed the cannabis test in 1970 at Surrey University on a grant from the Medical Research Council, now declares that it should not be cited as "proof" that anyone may be driving under the influence of dope. The test mainly involves mixing human blood

samples with a particular antibody produced in sheep blood. The antibody binds only with the unique molecular structure of cannabis-type metabolites to turn up a "positive" reaction; but the "positive" will show up even if the blood contains one part per billion of blood, which could not possibly cause intoxication.

Thus, a person who accidentally whiffed a puff of sidestream smoke would show up positive on the test. And since marijuana metabolites stay in the body for days, long after they've ceased to have any effect on the mind or body, it's quite probable that any regular or occasional hemp smoker would turn up positive on the test, whether or not they're stoned at the time it's administered. Worst of all, many noncannabis plants, like hops, contain molecules structurally similar to cannabis and may well turn up positive on the test.

"The use of the test on motorists," declares Professor Marks, "should be abandoned until more research is done to find out the level at which a person's driving judgment becomes impaired." Unlike alcohol, which dependably causes intoxication at levels beyond 80 milligrams of alcohol to 100 milliliters of blood, individual responses to cannabis vary widely from person to person, their experience with the drug, and even the time of day at which they take it. "It is unfair to use the results of this test," says Marks, "against someone in a court of law."

The Home Office, reportedly, is moving to replace the sheep test with a new U.S. test that involves inspecting urine samples.

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NEW MEXICO STUDY SHOWS GRASS WORKS IN CHEMOTHERAPY

ALBUQUERQUE Marijuana and some of its main derivatives have proved to be effective in alleviating nausea produced by cancer-chemotherapy preparations, reports Dr. Edward Deaux, administrator of the Lynn Person Therapeutic Research Program here. New Mexico's grass-for-chemotherapy program, established by an act of the state legislature in 1968, is both the longest running and most comprehensive project of its kind in the U.S. Its first-year evaluation report, issued by Dr. Deaux to the State Health and Environment Department, presents the most reliable in-depth clinical findings so far on marijuana's effectiveness at eliminating nausea.

In two successive studies, patients undergoing chemotherapy were given a choice between smoking federally supplied marijuana cigarettes—900 milligrams apiece of 1.7 percent THC grass, or of swallowing 5- and 10-milligram capsules of pure delta-9 THC suspended in sesame oil. Of the first 34 patients studied, 24 reported positive effects, and of the second group of 14, 9 reported beneficial results. Most patients further reported a beneficial anxiety-alleviating effect from marijuana or delta-9.

Only one case was reported where THC might have caused an adverse reaction with another drug the patient was taking; in this case, a severe drop in blood pressure in a leukemia patient taking Rubidazone, a hypotension medication. This is particularly interesting because every patient studied was taking, besides the chemotherapy agents, any of a variety of other drugs, including Demerol, Tuinal, Tylenol and Valium. No previous depth studies had ever been carried out on possible adverse reactions between marijuana and other drugs. The Deaux report indicates that grass appears to be surprisingly free from adverse synergistic drug reactions, except possibly in the case of other hypotensive agents. (Pure delta-9 THC itself has extreme hypotensive properties, not seen in raw marijuana.)

Although other studies have tentatively indicated that people over 50 may tend to dislike the cannabis-induced "high," no indication of this emerged from the New Mexico program. There was a striking difference, though, in response to the drug between men and women. In the first study, of the 17 men who participated in it, only 3 recorded negative results; while of the 18 women responding, 7 had negative responses.

Of the 48 patients in the program, only
continued on page 27

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Police officers Anthony Palmieri and William Ledecke of Meriden, Connecticut, display the fruit of their diligent search in response to an anonymous tip: 20 healthy pot plants, some of them 15 feet high and weighing 20 pounds each. The two cops said they didn't know whose weed it was or whose land it was grown on. They hauled it off to the dog-pound incinerator anyway and turned it into ashes. No word from the dogs on the quality of the smoke.

FAKE THC LETHAL TO CATS

continued from page 24

searcher at Dartmouth Medical School came up with a plausible scenario.

Dartmouth investigator Patricia Doherty, feeding Nabilone and other commercial THC analogues to anesthetized cats, found that the drug severely depressed the animals' rate of breathing. Marijuana itself slows the rate of breathing in humans, though to only an insignificant extent, and pure THC slows it to a slightly more profound extent. Lilly's Nabilone, though, and Pfizer's Levonantradol and N-methyl-levonantradol, were 10 to 100 times more powerful than THC in depressing the cats' respiration.

In human beings, Doherty continued, the dose of these THC analogues needed to quell nausea might be dangerously close to the lethal dose, which could cause fatal respiratory depression. This may have been the factor that "inexplicably" killed Lilly's test animals.

As it becomes increasingly evident that

other cannabinoids in grass besides THC are crucial to its therapeutic effects, the challenge for the drug companies becomes increasingly stiffer. Should they stick with the notion of trying to synthesize a patentable version of delta-9, or should they try creating modified versions of CBD, CBN, and so on—and hope that the synthetics mesh in synergy as effectively as they do in raw cannabis?

Attempts by *High Times* to draw out Lilly and Pfizer spokespeople on this subject have come to naught. However, both companies flatly affirm that raw, organic, unpatentable marijuana should never be freely prescribed by doctors to patients. Both cite the "undependability" of cannabis, and its psychoactive side effect, as factors that militate against it. Neither company would regard the flat-out legalization of grass as a possible threat to the money they've invested in synthetic alternatives—but neither one thinks that legalization will ever occur, either.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA		LSD	you choice	one	4-10	
Domestic grass	improving by leaps and bounds	oz	30-40	Mandrax	Brian Jones "Av. 1/10"	
Queensland border 'sticks	Kosie beer buds	oz	350-550	Cocaine	disco 100!	
Mutumbimby madness	uncultivated	oz	12-6	Santa Maria golds, reds	100 s	
Colombian pot	but cute hardly any	oz	5-25	Commercial domestic	100-150	
Thel sticks	super but sparse	oz	40-100	Colombian hash	1850-2500	
New Zealand homegrown	budding market	oz	75	COLOMBIA		
Pretty hash	adulterated	oz	15-25	Summitous	oz	
Nepalese fingers	laid back	lb	600-1200	lb	10-15	
Indian hash oil	crisis schisme	oz	25-225	Commercial	lb	60-100
Mushrooms	all times primo	oz	3000-4500	domestic	oz	2-5
LSD	ubiquitous Korean kifs	oz	20-45	Colombian hash	lb	30-80
Mandrax	udes for lovers	oz	420-620	Hash oil	lb	8-25
Cocaine	a l'impot non-existent	oz	5-75	Mushrooms	lb	100-225
		grm	100-400	Cocaine	lb	150-200
		grm	100-400	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
		oz	140-75	lots of times	oz	175-225
		3000-3200		lb	2500-3000	
CANADA		LSD	you choice	one	4-10	
Commercial Colombian Gold and red Colombian Hawaiian buds	hearty but tasty	oz	55-75	Mandrax	Brian Jones "Av. 1/10"	
	gone tastier than a speeding bullet	oz	30-50	Cocaine	disco 100!	
	stinko	lb	1000-1200	Santa Maria golds, reds	100 s	
		lb	325-350	Commercial	100-150	
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	oz	2600-3600	domestic	1850-2500	
Mexican tops	in season	oz	90-30	Red and gold		
California sinsemilla	more this year than last	oz	700-1000	Colombian		
Homegrown pot	some shit, some shizos	oz	50-85	Emeraldes swamp grass		
Hash	red and blond Lab	oz	450-650	Cocaine base		
		lb	2000-2600	Cocaine		
		lb	10-35	ECUADOR		
		lb	50-200	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
		lb	140-175	Red and gold	lb	60-100
		lb	900-2500	Colombian	oz	15-25
				not that much	lb	200
				the world	oz	2-4
				lots	lb	40-60
				pure as the driven snow	g	25-40
				imported	one	5
ENGLAND		LSD	you choice	one	4-10	
African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100	Mandrax	Brian Jones "Av. 1/10"	
Colombian grass	down to a tickle	oz	750-1000	Cocaine	disco 100!	
Kashmir hash sticks	small but good	oz	100-175	Santa Maria golds, reds	100 s	
Thel sticks	grat. ra. e	oz	850-1200	Commercial	100-150	
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz	110-130	Red and gold	1850-2500	
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	15-25	Colombian		
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	100-125	Emeraldes swamp grass		
		lb	100-150	Cocaine base		
		lb		Cocaine		

FRANCE		Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	60-85
African pot	dominates weed	gr	250-300	lb	750-1000
Colombian pot	mg. kif	oz	65-80	oz	100-125
Moroccan hash	extremely rare	oz	75-100	lb	150-200
	several flavors	gr	6-8	oz	175-200
Lebanese hash	fresh & frag. an	oz	90-110	oz	475-525
Lebanese kif	known as	oz	3-2	lb	10-25
LSD	za-o-za	gr	10	gr	4-7
Speed	pyramids red stars dots blots	one	4-6	one	4-6
Cocaine	hot on the punk scene and long	gr	125-200	gr	125-200
	Pa. islan nights	oz	300-375		

HAWAIIAN POT AND CONSUMER FRAUD

Question: What's white and tan all over, drives a \$20,000 air-conditioned Bronco, shuns \$200-an-ounce Iranian caviar in favor of \$300-an-ounce organic California bee pollen, and engages in land speculation on the side?

Answer: A poor Hawaiian pot grower. Fuck the Hawaiian pot growers. For years now they have been milking the

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

mainland consumers through price collusion, propaganda and a variety of other ploys, including even the bribery of reputable dope journalists. It's been a concerted effort held together by a shared consciousness among the tight-knit clique of pot growers.

Each year the growers come up with a new litany of outrageous claims to substantiate their exorbitant prices. We've all heard them, how the dauntless growers must climb the treacherous mountainsides to their concealed plots, how they must defy cops and ripoffs, contend with pestilence, droughts, floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanoes and an endless list of other *forces majeures* which justify the asking of up to \$3,500 for a pound of pot.

Well, let's get this straight. There'll be no more sympathy from this quarter for the beleaguered Hawaiian pot growers. Once the mystique of the Hawaiian growers has evaporated, they stand naked as

greedy, manipulative profiteers who show respect neither for the consumers upon whom they feed nor the great spirit of market fairness and anticorporatism upon which the marijuana culture was founded.

First of all, most of the Hawaiian pot that shows up on the marketplace is the product of a well-oiled, well-connected mob that locals believe is an extension of the mainland mafia—which also has its fingers in the lucrative restaurant, resort and hotel business—and not the down-home, earthy, expatriate types that the popular propaganda suggests. In fact, some of the more credible growers recently complained in a Big Island underground newspaper that they themselves were the victims of a fix between the mob and authorities, that they were taking double their share of harassment for not being in on the payoff. One wrote in to say that helicopters that raided his garden had flown right over a large pot plantation well known to be owned by the mob figures, and didn't touch it.

If this is true then it puts the "independent" growers, as they term themselves, in an ideal position to lower their prices and drive the mob out of business. Without the overhead of the sheriff's share, the indy's could give the mob a run for their money in a price war. Instead, most of the indy's are content with the mob around, and ask the syndicate's going rate for their own product.

Another big source of Hawaiian pot, according to our sources, is the Hawaiian cops themselves. One buyer who recently

returned from Hawaii alleges that the huge take from dragnets like the ongoing Operation Green Harvest frequently turns up in the hands of the mob sellers.

A popular new ripoff is the sale in Hawaii of pot imported from California and purportedly grown in Hawaii. It is almost impossible without sophisticated chemical analyses to distinguish well-bred California since from Hawaiian since. In Hawaii, California pot worth \$2,000 a pound can be peddled at \$3,000 a pound with the buyer never suspecting he has been taken.

There is also the question of whether Hawaiian pot is all that good. True, in '75, '76 and '77 Hawaiian was top-banana bud. But since then California growers have turned out comparable weed at higher volumes and lower prices, and Thailand in the last two years has begun marketing pot formerly limited to sacred circles, indisputably superior to Hawaiian in head and price.

To sustain these high prices the Hawaiian growers have manipulated the market. They have spread rumors of crop failures and major busts to start buying panics; they have lobbied everyone from NORML officials to prestigious dope journalists, frequently giving them expensive Hawaiian pot. This is a particularly sleazy practice, severely testing journalistic ethics. Perhaps a professional requirement should be established that dope journalists not accept free dope they are writing about, but should pay for it, with the publication or media outlet reimbursing them; this is the case with restaurant and travel reviewers. This would prevent deal-

Lebanese hash	not worth it	gr	50	50
LSO	surprising variety	one	10-20	
Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz	50	
Opium	excellent	gr	25-50	
Cocaine	high?	gr	80-150	
Speed	advanced	gr	75-95	

THAILAND

Decease tape	by the bronco-full	oz	50	
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	50	
Acapulco gold	kick ass tume	oz	50	
Queretaro gold	mucho pesc	oz	50	
Cocaine	when around	lb	50	
	don't be a chump	gm	50	
Opium	searching for a	oz	50	
	market	lb	50	

THAILAND

Pattaya Beach buds	Intoxicating sticks	oz	50-83	
Loose buds	potency varies	lb	200-250	
Philippine buds	hot new rising star	oz	150-250	

THAILAND

Commercial Mexican	old faithful	oz	10-45	
Top-grade Mexican	back in the saddle again	oz	50-75	
Mexican sinsemilla	manana	oz	475-650	
California sinsemilla	strong flow of early buds	lb	60-75	
Jamaican	low seed count	oz	500-600	
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty	oz	75-145	
Commercial Colombian	respectable holding steady	oz	650-1350	
Commercial Colombian	coming back	oz	35-45	
Colombian seeds	iron gold shaku	lb	375-450	
Pseudo Thai seeds	gimme a break	oz	50-65	
		lb	50-65	
		lb	670-750	
		oz	75-125	
		lb	750-1250	

er magnanimity from influencing their conclusions.

The growers have even tried to use this column to further their pecuniary skullduggery. In 1979, during a six-month period, scores of letters poured in from Hawaiian pot growers complaining that the dope prices in THMQ were too low, that they were getting ripped off. The prices listed were the highest on the board at \$2,500 a pound. Still, it wasn't enough. Finally, against my better judgment, but besieged by powerful interests that had been paid off by the Hawaiian lobby, I raised the prices to their desired level... up to \$3,200 a pound.

For the next several months reports filtered back to my desk that these new, higher figures were always referred to by the Hawaiians when trying to get their outrageous prices. But consumers finally stopped buying especially as the quantity didn't warrant the prices, and now the growers are complaining that they have been priced out of the market because of the HIGH TIMES quotations. Karmic justice, I say.

The consumers must keep up the pressure on these greedy growers, and boycott if necessary. The sinsemilla cultivators have the community ethos of a plane load of Texas oilmen on their way to a price-fixing powwow. Don't let these hypocrite hippies and mafia conmen rip you off. Demand pedigrees on their pot, demand lower prices, and when you shake hands after the deal is done, make sure to count your fingers.

(Readers, we'd like some feedback on this. Hawaiian growers, if you have any excuse for yourselves, let's hear it.) Dope Scope: The Frenchies don't have their own "trips" connection, but who needs it with Red Stars from Amsterdam,

Thai sticks	rolling in heavily	one	5	
Loose Thai	some truly great	oz	5	
Various Africans	mostly rotten	oz	4	
Hawaiian	priced out of the market	lb	4	
Moroccan hash	excellent head	oz	4	
Lebanese hash	business as usual	oz	4	
Black Afghan hash	costly but boss	oz	4	
Nepalese hash	short reign	oz	4	
Pak hash	suitcase stashes	oz	4	
Hash oils	out of flavor with buyers	gm	4	
Polyccbin mushrooms	well-bred	oz	4	
Peyote	prime this year	oz	4	
LSO	many "brand names"	one	4	
Cocaine	pick a card, any card	gm	4	
Metaphysics	mostly bathtub	oz	4	
MDA	714s	one	4	
Crosses and black insects	best to analyze resurgence	oz	4	
PCP	who let this guy in	gm	4	
Opium	brief bull market over	gm	4	

THAILAND

Commercial Colombian	booming business	oz	50-65	
Connoisseur Colombian	oilman's special	oz	50-100	
Domestic weed	Colombian	lb	650-900	
	greenhouse	lb	15-35	
	old" or"way	lb	15-35	
Maxican weed	surfaces	oz	50-65	
Hawaiian	occasionally	lb	500-800	
	slow train comin'	lb	225-300	
Malibud	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	225-300	
		lb	2000-275	

Pyramids from London and dots and blots from Berlin. The Red Army is running into the same problem in Afghanistan that the U.S. had in Vietnam: stoned troops. Word from Afghan hash importers is that Russky grunts are buying so much of the tasty head spread that spot shortages are turning up. First home-grown of the year with a gigantic high and seeds to match is Arkansas, which, as predicted here months ago, is giving California a contest this year, priced at \$1,200 to \$1,500 an elbow. A sudden gust of prosperity has hit certain quarters of the Pacific Northwest, port of entry for that dynamite stickless Thai that's been turning up the last 18 months. One drawback to the much raved about marijuana beer that's been making the rounds: It is a powerful diuretic.

Ridin' That Train: Word comes from out West of two startling developments in cocaine culture: synthetic blow and home-grown blow. The synthetic toot was developed and is on the market in West Germany, which also gave the world morphine, amphetamines, thalidomide and most of the world's great, if dubious, achievements in the field of man-made drugs. Some of it has worked its way into the arts and media—read rock stars and writers—world of Los Angeles, where early reviews give it lower markings than the real thing. Supposedly, it has more than the usual numbing effect but they have left out the properties that give it a high.

Meanwhile, in the mountains of Southern California, experiments in coca cultivation continue with slow but positive results. HIGH TIMES first reported on these attempts three years ago, and at that time development was so unstable that one flourishing hopeful turned out to be a coffee bush. Now some of these pioneers of

Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	15-20
Hash oil	trendy as sushi, tastes worse	oz	130-200
Cocaine	not much	gm	50-75

HAWAII

Puna buds	overrated	oz	150-200
Kona gold	overpriced some real, some?	oz	150-200
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-300
Maua woods	don't get ripped off	lb	160-225
LSO	dots and blots for cheap	one	2-4
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	75-125
Cocaine	speedy relief	oz	1800-2400

WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20
Colombian pot	short supply	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	green slabs	gm	5-8
Lebanese hash	hash and potent	gm	7-12
Afghan hash	popular beer-seller	gm	8
Manali hash (India)	gold-medal winner	5 gm	4000
LSO	mikes, tiles and Green Monster	one	5000-5500
Cocaine	surprisingly cheap	gm	60-75

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

plant pathology have gotten coca shrubs to grow, but they say that it may take several years to come up with a potent strain.

Theirs is not an easy task. The coca bush is one of the most reluctant of plants to be coaxed from Mother Earth, who, in places such as Peru and Bolivia only relinquishes it in a narrow band above 5,000 and below 8,000 feet in altitude, in limited weather conditions and in small, hard-earned amounts. Coca bushes are so snooty that they will grow on one mountainside but shun the next, even if it appears in virtually every respect to be of similar location, altitude, soil and weather conditions.

Finally, and this too comes from California, which should honor the nose as the Official State Appendage, freebase is making the commercial rounds at \$125 a gram. Apparently Richard Pryor's bad luck and the accompanying bad press have not whetted Californians' appetite for freebase. The low price is possible because of a cut. The freebasing process loses 40 to 80 percent of the weight, then a supposedly safe and smokable cut is added. This claim bears looking into. If anybody gets some, send a few milligrams to one of the dope-analyzing labs and then send us the receipt along with what you think the dope is worth—no more than a dime's worth, please. We'd like to see the results.

It was inevitable in this day of specialization that someone would take the risk out of home freebasing and turn it into a profit by selling the finished item. Entrepreneurial types who make good on their pledge to deliver decent freebase at one and a Q stand to be in business for some time. We could use some consumer's reports. Until then we can't list it on the Big Board.

ANIMAL ROUNDUP



K-9 RIGHTS

SAN FRANCISCO—Wherever Mary Murphy has gone, her faithful companion Sido will not be joining her. In a landmark case, probate Judge Jay Piotenhauer ruled that Ms. Murphy, who took a lethal overdose of sleeping pills last year, was not within her rights when she ordered in her will that her ten-year-old collie-sheltie be put to sleep. Ms.

Murphy, it seems, believed the pooch's life would be unbearably painful without her. The dog was released to the custody of Pets Unlimited, the animal-welfare agency to which Sido's mistress left most of her \$147,610 estate. "Sido Lives!" has reportedly been seen crudely scrawled in fire hydrants throughout the Bay area.

A MAN CAN'T TRUST HIS BEST FRIEND

YORK, ENGLAND—A trained police dog, whom authorities here refused to name, was the first to enter the house where an escaped mental patient was holed up. An instant friendship was born between mutt and madman, and when Constable Gary Waddoups entered the house a few minutes later, the dog attacked the bobby, tearing at his trou-

sers, enabling the desperate lunatic to stab the stunned Waddoups twice in the cheek with a bayonet. Waddoups later received a special commendation for heroism. The dog was retired from law enforcement.

CHOW TIME

SALINA, KANSAS—It's legal for Salmans to eat dogs. The family that has been serving up mongrel mash and other treats here can do so without prosecution "as long as [the dogs] are acquired in a legal

manner," says Assistant Police Chief Darrell Wil. County health-department director Paul Richardson explains that home killing and dressing of dogs is no more illicit than doing the same with rabbits, squirrels or other furry creatures.

MOMMA WAS A MONGOOSE

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—An overconfident poisonous black snake was no match for

18-month-old Diane Stiles. The toddler's cowardly parents ran from the house when they saw Diane chowing on the serpent, but their terror was groundless. Chomping contentedly on the snake's skull, the little Aussie had already killed her would-be attacker. A later medical examination produced no evidence of wounds on the child's body. The father was later heard to remark of his toothy daughter: "She'd bite through your finger if you gave her the chance."

LEARNING EXPERIMENT FAILS

Binti, the son of researchers Birute Goldikas and Rod Bintamour, seemed to be coming along fine at age one (below). He was able to mimic the sounds, expressions and posture of Princessa, his infant orangutan playmate. Over the next two years, he continued to learn the fine points of

orangmanners and styles of communication. However, exposed to other human children, he has since given up ape ways. Rumor has it that learned orangutans still believe human children have great learning potential and, isolated from their own kind, could develop normally.



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Formerly Dr. Hip.

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

High Colonics and the Single Girl



She's tall, blond and blue-eyed with the well-scrubbed good looks and ready laugh of a Midwestern sorority girl or archetypal stewardess. In fact, she is from the Midwest, was once a sorority girl and does work for an airline. We met on a plane. I loved her sense of good humor and enjoyed her company occasionally. One day she told me she was engaged. I was genuinely happy for her, only hoped we wouldn't lose contact because of her marriage. A few months later I called to say hello and she invited me over for a drink and a smoke. Her husband was out of town.

Earlier that day she'd been sunbathing and was still wearing her little terry-cloth jogging shorts. The bottom of the shorts just covered her buns and her long legs were tanned. She looked terrific. We talked about work and love and somehow, I can't remember how we got to the topic,

she told me she'd just completed a series of high colonic enemas. "You know I've always been constipated," she began. I vaguely recalled her making jokes about her bowel habits. "Ordinarily, I move my bowels only once or twice a week."

"What's wrong with that?" I asked.

"Could it be healthy to have stools lying around in the intestines for four or five days?"

"I don't know if it's unhealthy. Why not?"

"What about all those toxins, those poisons in old stools just sitting around in the bowels?" she asked. Concern about toxins in stools is a common fear, but there doesn't seem to be any solid or even soft evidence for these concerns. I decided to let this argument... pass, for now.

"Anyway," she continued, "I'd tried fresh fruit, prunes, high-fiber diets, laxatives. Nothing worked. But last year a

friend suggested high colonic enemas. For the first time in my life I felt really clean." She sighed. "The enemas I had last week, though, were disappointing. Another friend recommended this 85-year-old chiropractor." She imitated the shuffle of an old man with severe arthritis of the hips. "First he connected me to a vibrating machine that was supposed to straighten out my spine. But I wasn't attached to it properly. Part of my back wasn't even touching the machine. When I complained about this to the chiropractor he threw his hands up in the air and said, 'What do you want from me? I'm 85 years old!' He gave me a high colonic enema which was just so-so and a package of powder containing a 'special diet.' The powder gave me diarrhea."

Fine powder for the constipated, I
continued on page 35

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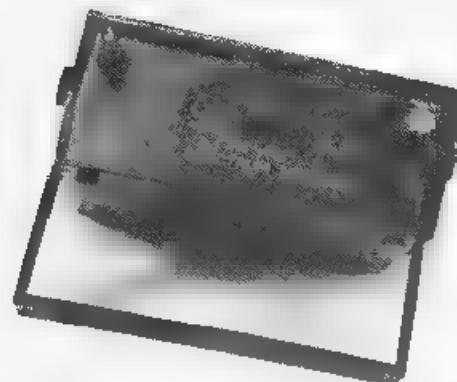


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Formerly Dr. Hip

continued from page 32

thought, probably contained a powerful laxative. She showed me the bill—\$80 for the first visit, \$60 for further visits. "The airline's got a great health plan," she said. "They pay all the bills, but I'm not going back for any treatments from him."

I asked her to describe the technique for high colonic enemas. "Well, first you lie on a table on your side and draw up one leg like this." She bent her right leg at the hip, exposing half of a fondly remembered buttock. "Then a colonic technician inserts a lubricated metal nozzle into the anus and turns a lever to start the enema solution flowing."

I listened to her story with a mixture of horror and fascination. "How much fluid do they use?"

"Oh, it varies," she replied. "This last time I got two gallons."

"Two gallons!"

"They don't give it all at once." High colonic practitioners apparently use a Y-tube arrangement similar to those used for pumping out stomachs. She continued her tale. "When you start feeling uncomfortable you tell them and they turn another lever to let the enema fluid out. They analyze the stools as they pass from the bowels. Part of the tubing is transparent and the stools are observed for size, shape and age."

"Does it hurt?"

"Not really. Actually, it feels good if you don't take in too much fluid at once." Her right buttock was still partially exposed.

"If only I'd known about all this when we were dating," I mused aloud.

"Really?" She smiled demurely. "Once they gave me an oxygenated water enema."

"You mean they gave you a soda-water enema?"

"Well, it had bubbles but it wasn't carbonated water. They said the bubbles were made of oxygen, not carbon dioxide."

Fizz water up the ass! A seltzer enema! We were both roaring with laughter now. "Listen," she said, "I owe my marriage to high colonic enemas. You know what they say about constipated people being uptight? The enemas gave me a sense of being cleansed in body and spirit. I was never against marriage in principle, but the reality was something else. The enemas somehow seemed to free up my mind. For the first time I became really open to the idea of getting married. I met this guy and two weeks later he proposed. We got engaged and now we're married."

It was funny and it was not funny. "That's a wonderful story," I told her. "I'm going to write it up as an article."

"Do you want to use my wedding picture?" she offered. □

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Interview:

Stephen King

The author of
'The Shining'
and 'Firestarter'
says he's not
afraid of his own
kids...yet

by Martha Thomases
and John Robert Tebbel

Time was, if you were in the mood for a good bloodcurdling scare, you waited until it got nice and dark, climbed into bed with the covers tucked up snug under your chin, and opened up a Gothic horror story. Nowadays, you get the same thing in the broad light of day over the breakfast table, opening up any morning newspaper. This makes it tough for the average thriller author. Frankenstein today, when recombinant DNA technicians can blend the germ plasm of wolverines into scorpions, looks downright quaint and nostalgic. The Island of Dr. Moreau is Disneyland compared to Iran, Cambodia and Northern Ireland. To conjure up a suitable heart-stopper in this day and age, a thriller writer has to keep continuously abreast of current trends in real-life grotesquerie.

The Mary Shelley of the '80s, then, is Stephen King. For his newest gut-wrencher, Firestarter, King has demoniacally blended ancient and modern true-life terrors—the phenomenon of pyrokinesis, in which human bodies spontaneously combust in a flash fire of living flesh, and the notorious predilection of American intelligence agencies for dosing innocent civilians unaware, by the thousands, with weird drugs and hideous disease agents nobody knows much about. The heroine of Firestarter, eight-year-old Charlie McGee, is the daughter of a couple who were unwitting experimental subjects, during the '60s, for a top-

security cabal known only as The Shop. As the child develops, her peculiar powers to set those she dislikes on fire, leaving just a greasy scorch on the upholstery attracts The Shop's curiosity; they murder her mother and pester her dreadfully on a cross-country chase, until finally they push her just a little too far...

Some King enthusiasts insist that it's best to read his books before the inevitable movies come out, while others insist that only after seeing the films can you truly appreciate his inimitable powers of character portrayal and tension building, and his sheer, simple trick of turning your whole head inside and out in the space between two paragraphs. Since Carrie in 1973, proceeding through Salem's Lot, The Shining, The Stand, Night Shift and The Dead Zone, King's books have sold over 40 million copies. Carrie, of course, made Sissy Spacek a star, and what The Shining did for Jack Nicholson's career, The Stand is doing now for George Romero.

King lives quietly and productively with his wife and kids in the wilds of Maine. He enjoys his three children and is pleased that his chosen profession allows him so much time to play with them. You won't find him at Elaine's, but you might run into him at the hardware store.

High Times: You mention documented incidents of pyrokinesis as a background for *Firestarter*. Did these people lose control of their



Memory Shop

Spacek in Carrie: "Little kids' minds are very, very strong."

power or is it accidental?

King: I'm not even sure the power exists. I just know that it's one of these inexplicable things that happens. These people burned up, and it's peculiar because around them the furnishings are left untouched, despite the fact that the amount of heat that must be generated to burn a human body to ash is tremendous. You can't do it in a crematorium. After you go through, and you come out the assembly line at the other end, there's a guy with a rake to pound up your bones before they can put you in the little urn and give you to uncle.

So there it is. In one of the cases that was reported in *Look* magazine around 1965 or something, a kid started to burn at the beach. His father hustled him into the water and literally dunked him under and he continued to burn underwater. The kid died and the father went to the hospital with massive burns all up his forearms. Nobody can explain it. There may be a perfectly rational explanation, but for now it's just an idea that's fun to play around with.

High Times: Why do you think that parapsychological investigation is not well regarded among mainstream scientists and medical researchers?

King: Because they can't see it. They can't wear it. It's as simple as that. You're dealing with empirical results from something that can't be seen or weighed or felt or helmed or split in a cyclotron. You're talking about people that might have twenty hits out of twenty-five on those Rhine cards at Duke, and what scientists are reduced to saying is, "Well, hey, he did it. But it was coincidence." Even if the odds may be millions and millions to one.

They can't say, "Well, we'll investigate it," because, for instance with telepathy, it's a capricious phenomenon. People can hit twenty out of twenty-five, come back a week later, and hit twelve out of twenty-five. **High Times:** Where do you think that research is going to go in the future? **King:** Unless there's some kind of significant breakthrough, I don't think it's going to go anywhere. It will stay pretty much where it's been. One of the things that *Firestarter* tried to say is it's gotten to the point where people are saying, "Don't think about it, just do it. If it works let's use it and let's never mind what causes it or anything else." Which is a military and scientific philosophy this country has always pursued.

When we blew the first atomic bomb at White Sands near the end of the war, nobody knew what was going to happen. There was a theory that the chain reaction would continue forever. And we would have created a little tiny sun out there in the desert that would burn until the end of the universe. It wasn't a widely held theory, but it was a theory that nobody had a way of disproving. There were people who thought it wouldn't go off at all, that it would simply sit out there and melt and produce a great big dirty cloud of radioactivity. Nobody knew.

We've got appropriations in this country right now for psychic research. But when they say, "psychic research," they're not really interested in psychic research. They're interested in producing experts who can read

thoughts so they can chuck this guy over to Czechoslovakia or somewhere, where he can tell us where the silos are and that sort of thing, simply by reading thoughts.

The Russians are spending more than we are. They have an installation in Siberia where they test these guys. And it's a matter of "We don't know what makes it work, but then we didn't really know what made the atomic bomb work, either."

High Times: Do you believe organizations like The Shop really exist?

King: I don't think that they exist as one corporate entity, under one roof. But I think elements of The Shop exist in the CIA and probably in the DSA (Department of Scientific Activities) in this country. And I think that a lot of that stuff has gone on.

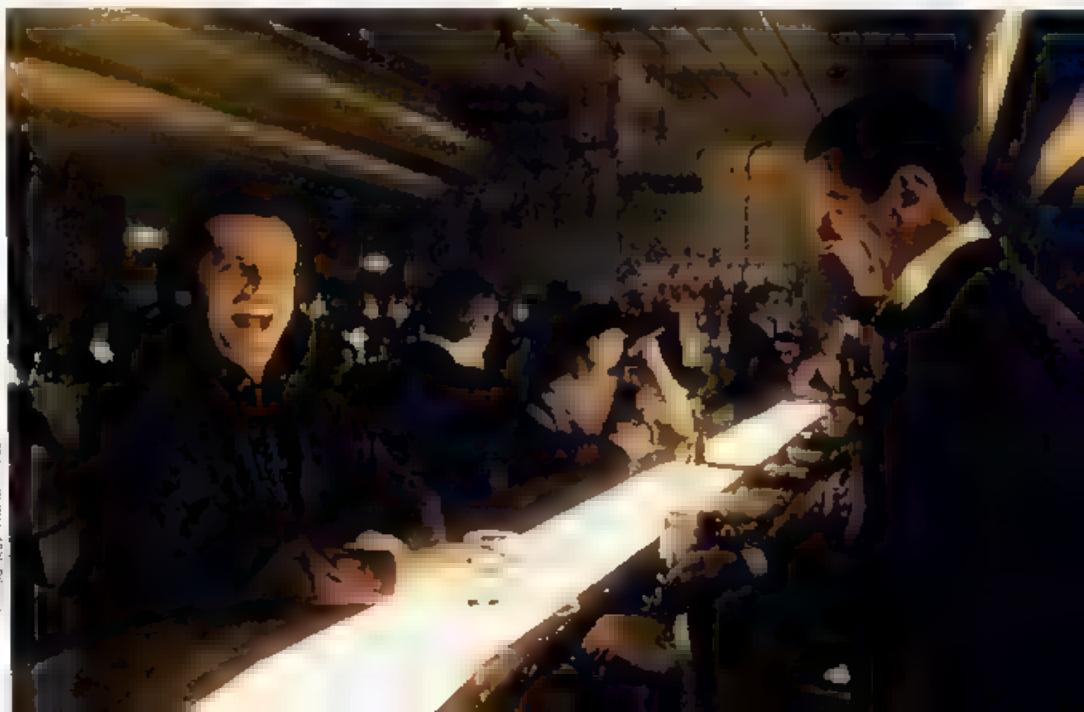
It comes and goes. Right now, there's probably more sunlight than there's been in ten years. I think there are a lot of projects, like the one that's described in *Firestarter* that go through the Senate with things that say, "This is for a study of the mating call of tsetse flies." In reality, the money is being shunted aside, either to study telepathy or to study new and better ways of improving the neutron bomb, or chemical and biological warfare, or anything at all.

High Times: Do you think that drug research similar to what's described in *Firestarter* is going on, too?

King: I think what they've done with it primarily is to use it as a sort of arm lock on somebody when you need

"D. H. Lawrence claimed he could telepathically communicate with friends when he was high."

In The Shining, Nicholson learns the dangers of drinking alone.



Courtesy Warner Bros.

information, a kind of brainwashing technique.

I don't know if there's ever been any testing in the field to find out whether or not LSD or mescaline or any of those things can pop psychic talents. D.H. Lawrence claimed they did. He claimed he could communicate back and forth with friends when he was high.

I got a letter from a guy last week. I would have taken it to have been just another crazy letter except that the guy was very well spoken and very low key. He had known, supposedly, this guy who had visions. This fellow had predicted back in 1948 the end of the world in a cataclysm. Just this year he realized that what he'd actually seen was a scene from *The Empire Strikes Back*. Maybe that's what Edgar Cayce saw all those years ago, just a piece of *Star Wars*. "That's okay. Don't worry, folks."

High Times: Your books describe parenting very effectively. Do you spend a lot of time at it?

King: I spend a lot of time parenting because I'm home. A friend of mine told me that the average father sees each kid an average of twenty-two minutes a week, which I found almost unbelievable. Mine are in my hip pocket all the time. And I like it that way.

When I knew I was going to be able to write full time, I wondered, "What's going to happen to the relationships within my family? Are they going to change? Is it going to be the kind of deal where you say, 'I can't take this! Get me out of here! I can't stand these screaming kids!'" The way it turned out was, I was able to change the diapers okay, after I stuck the pin through my fingers a few times. I had a dawning realization that children are not particularly hard to deal with. I think a lot of people say to themselves, "If I'm going to be a parent, I've got to be a perfect parent. It's just too much responsibility. It's too hard." They've got an image that it's going to be a twenty-four-hour-a-day security-service kind of deal. And it's not.

It's a trip. It's like being in a time machine, too. You go back. If you don't have kids, a lot of things they experience, you never have a chance to reexperience: taking kids to Disney pictures and watching *Bambi* and saying, "Jeez, what schlocky shit this is." And then you start to cry, 'cause it pushes the old buttons.

High Times: Disney is known for his scary material.

King: Those cartoons are all rated G. It's really funny. There are kids all over the world who still have complexes over *Bambi*'s father getting shot by the hunter and *Bambi*'s mother getting



Tom Jones © 1977

"He predicted back in 1948 the end of the world. What he'd actually seen was a scene from *The Empire Strikes Back*."

crisp. But that's the way it's always been. This is the sort of material that appeals to kids. Kids understand it instinctively. They grip it.

We live in a society now where the sexual taboo for children has really passed by the wayside. Any nine-year-old can go into a 7-11 and check out the *Playmate of the Month*, but you don't want your kids to know about death. You don't want your kids to know about disfigurement. You don't want 'em to know about creepy things because it might warp their little minds.

Little kids' minds are very, very strong. They bend. There's a lot of tensile strength and they don't break. We start our kids off on things like "Hansel and Gretel," which features child abandonment, kidnapping, attempted murder, forcible detention, cannibalism, and finally murder by cremation. And the kids love it.

High Times: Do you agree that scary tales are an important socializing force?

King: A lot of fairy tales are thinly disguised hostility raps against

parents. Kids know that they can't make it on their own, that if they were left alone, they would die.

I've always thought it would be fun to update "Hansel and Gretel." I'd have these white parents in the suburbs with an income of fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Daddy loses his job, and the wicked stepmother says, "We could get along, we could keep our Mastercharge, if you'd just get rid of those shitty kids." Finally the father hires a limo and tells the driver, "Drop 'em off on Lenox Avenue in Harlem at two in the morning." These two little white kids land there. They're menaced. And this supposedly nice black lady says, "Would you like some candy?"

Kids know they can't make it alone, yet at the same time, built into each one of us, is a survival ethic. It says, "Nobody cares and you have to look out for yourself and if you don't, you'll die." These two things work against each other. I think most kids are very frightened of their parents, and that's what all fairy tales reflect: Parents will fail you and you'll be left

on your own. But, of course, everything comes out right in the end and the parents take you back.

High Times: In *Firestarter* the parents are the ones who are apprehensive about their child's psychic powers. Do you feel that? Are you ever a little wary of your own children?

King: Well—not yet. The one thing about kids is that you never really know exactly what they're thinking or how they're seeing. Kids are bent. After writing about kids, which is a little bit like putting the experience under a magnifying glass, you realize you have no idea how you thought as a kid. You can remember things about your childhood, but I've come to the conclusion that most of the things that we remember about our childhood are lies. We can have dreams where we re-dream things that are truer than what we remember waking. We all have memories that stand out from when we were kids, but they're really just snapshots. You can't remember how you reacted because your whole head is different when you stand aside.

High Times: The experience of childhood is much more benevolent in *The Shining* than in *Firestarter*:

King: Well, Charlie McGee's a good kid, you know. It isn't that Charlie McGee wants to hurt anybody. After *Carrie*, people would say, "Why do you want to write about evil children?"

Everybody wants to psychoanalyze horror. They don't want to psychoanalyze a book like Gay Talese's "Sex with Your Neighbor" [sic] or something like that. It's pretty much accepted that Americans should be interested in who they're doodling and how they're doing it.

But this is a *Popular Mechanics* country. What's really going on here

King (center) and *Romero* (second from right) counterpicket Pennsylvania helmet law protest.

is that they're discussing the rocketry of sex and they're saying, "You can do it, too." The Talese book is a kind of *Popular Mechanics* guide. Instead of "How to Put on a New Garage Door," it's "How You Can Get a Swingers' Club in Your Town."

But when it comes to horror there's this need to analyze. When this "evil children" fad happened, there was *The Exorcist* and *The Other* and *The Omen*. People would say, "What this really means is that Americans don't want to have kids anymore. They feel hostility towards their own children. They feel they're being tied down and dragged down." In fact, in most cases, what those books are about is nice children who are beset by forces beyond their control.

Certainly Regan in *The Exorcist* was not to blame for what happened to her. In *Carrie*, it's not really Carrie's fault anything happens to her. She's driven to it. And when she perpetuates destruction on her hometown, it's because she's crazy. She doesn't want to make fires any more than she wants to wet her pants. That image is made in the book, that correlative. And she's kind of driven to it after a while.

High Times: The person who makes that connection in the book is the assassin, Rainbird. He is an authority figure and seems to be pretty nasty. A lot of authoritarians in your books are pretty nasty. Do you think authority is a malignant force?

King: I do. I think that the curse of civilization is its chumminess.

When we get together we have to have authority, or so we say. But, it's like a cancer. Now, Carter is pumping Presidential Directive 59, which is a new nuclear strategy that looks suspiciously like first-strike capability. All he's doing is playing Texas



Nicholson in The Shining.

Ranger, and saying, "We need to have a little authority around here." Which is a lot of the problem.

Of course, if we just had chaos, nobody would have air conditioning and nobody would have Touch Tone phones. So you have to say to yourself, "Do you want to be out there planting your crops with a stick and then shitting on your corn to make it grow? Or do you want to have the sort of society that we have?" Believe me, we bought it.

A lot of authority figures want to be good. I sense that, and yet at the same time I sense that authority, after a while, always leads to some kind of oppression. When the minority report comes in, what you do is run the minority out of town with a flaming cross. It's just the way things are.

But then again, that's what we fought Vietnam for. I think we fought Vietnam for the benefits of civilization, and certainly we fought it to oppose authority. To show our authority, to show we weren't weak. Isn't that what Nixon kept saying? "We have to show the world that we're not weak." So of course what we ended up showing the world was that we were, yep, weak. 'Cause we couldn't beat these kids in black pajamas.

High Times: Are you saying that you can't have good without evil, that you can't perceive anything without its opposite?

King: I'm not sure that it has so much to do with good and evil as it has to do



James Hamilton

with the question of chaos versus order. We all have this tendency to want order in our lives. I got such a kick out of watching my wife pack for me. She didn't want me to pack because I don't know what goes with what. And I have the same need in my life. I had to be on national TV twice this morning and this is really the rattiest jacket I own. But it's my lucky jacket. It brings order into my life.

All horror stories are really about this incursion of disorder on order. That moment in *The Exorcist*, the movie, where it starts in Georgetown, is total order. It's civilization. It's where people know what wine to order. Ellen Burstyn is upstairs in bed and she wakes up and she hears a noise that sounds like a lion.

You say, "Oh, dear, something's getting out of order here." Order presupposes authority, and authority presupposes, sooner or later, that we'll all need hooves. It's going to happen sooner or later, isn't it? You know it is.

High Times: Do we know? Why then do people carry on?

King: Why don't we all just go crazy when we know we're going to croak? Because the mind's a monkey. You put things in departments and you go ahead. You go on and plan for the future and assume that the future's going to work out okay. Yet we know that sooner or later we're all going to be eating worms, whether it's fifty years or sixty. It might be tomorrow. It might happen today.

I always think about this when I go on a talk show, particularly when it's live. When J.R. Rodale was on the Dick Cavett show, and Cavett said, "You eat all these health foods, how do you feel?" And Rodale said, "I never felt better in my life." A little while later, he keeled over.

This is the sort of thing that should drive anybody crazy. Yet we're sane. We go on. We have our little neuroses but we continue.

And that's why we can continue in the face of knowing that by 1985 there will be terrorist groups with homemade atomic weapons and sooner or later somebody will use one to impose their own idea of order on the West Bank or on Northern Ireland or wherever it happens to be. It's gonna happen. I don't think there's any question about it. But what can you do, except compartmentalize, and hope that things will go on a little while longer?

What do you do about the fact that Reagan's going to be president? [This interview was conducted in August 1980.—Ed.] What do you do about that? Do you go crazy? The man

"If we just had chaos, nobody would have air conditioning and nobody would have Touch-Tone phones."



strikes me as extremely dangerous, and yet he will probably be president. But I can't go hide under my bed.

I got a boy who's eight, Joe Hill, and he puked during the Iranian crisis. We used to watch the news at dinner time, and he started to vomit about the news. I mean literally. He grew pale and left the table and then vomited. Finally I said, "It's the news. It's bummering you out, isn't it?" He said, "Yeah. Every time I hear it my stomach's like a fist." So, what we did was watch the news late at night. I don't know what else to do.

He hasn't learned to compartmentalize. When you're eight, the tunnel vision isn't developed yet and you have a tendency to see everything. If we saw the consequences of where we are now, if we raised our heads more often from the job we have to do and the next thing that's going on, it would be very, very frightening.

High Times: Is the repression of drugs a good idea? Gore Vidal has been quoted to the effect that no drugs need be illegal because, after all, no one eats Drano.

King: That can't happen because that's the antithesis of order; to say we don't have the authority to regulate these things. There's a constant struggle going on about how much will be illegal and how much you will be free to take. Can we open the

pharmacies? Can we put Valium and Percodan and those sorts of things out on the shelves? I wouldn't take it. I don't know.

I thought it was very funny when McDonald's discontinued the very tiny coffee spoons that people could snort coke with. The last time I went to McDonald's I got a great big spoon, and you could snort a lot with that!

For some reason California's always been where the struggle is about how much authority you can impose on people's private lives. It seems to show up there most clearly. They had a helmet law for motorcycles in California and the bikies were saying things like, "It restricts my vision. I can't hear what my bike's doing. If it was on fire I wouldn't know it until my ass caught." And at the bottom line what the bikies were saying was, "Look, it's my goddamn head and if I want to splatter my brains all over the guardrails on the Coast Highway, super for me."

They kept the helmet law and then the dentists decided that they ought to have a mouth-guard law. Because they were repairing all these shattered jaws and teeth. They said, "Football players wear mouth guards, and prizefighters wear mouth guards. We'll make the bikies wear mouth guards." It was the final straw and the

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Part Two

Christmas in Hollywood

by
**Johnny
Bob,
A
Nootka
Indian**

Our last installment found our Nootka hero awash in a sea of Hollywood phonies and fake hors d'oeuvres at a party given by a very famous screen actor. Returning now to the festivities, we find the famous actor and a few close friends about to begin rehearsal for a key scene in his upcoming movie.

WARNING: The following is purely a figment of the sick imagination of a Nootka madman in the throes of terminal delirium tremens. Read it at your own risk ..

The actors, having had sufficient time to prepare, began the scene. The big junky carnival of a woman gave a wave of her awkward crane of an arm and it began. The small writer of the work jumped and poised motionless, attentive. Only his eyes seemed to bulge and pulse in a rapture of encouragement. Johnny Bob was probably hallucinating this. No doubt someone put opium in the caviar or STP in the Perrier, or Amanita mushrooms in the crudites.

Johnny Bob slipped a sterling flask carefully from the pocket of the writer sitting next to him. The Indian was shaken. While the iron-rank whiskey flowed down the Indian throat directly to his stomach without touching either side—so correctly was he aligned, mouth open, eyes upon the ceiling where he wished the dapper stars had been—while he performed this modest miracle, the show went on.

It is best to transcribe it as it was written, for that is how it was acted.

Jack: (Glances avidly about the room. He sees Randy on the stairs. He notices but quickly affects not to have noticed Randy.) Hey, everybody! What time do you think it is... It's time for a change of scene!

John: (truculently) Yeah, let's go skinny-

dipping in the pool!... Again. I'll be lifeguard.

Mike: (raughing) Lifeguard, John? Is it true that fat guys have tiny dicks?... Is that why you won't come in?

John: (Improvises angry curses. As if he really had a tiny dick. Rushes across room at Mike, but is confused when Mike dives under couch. Stands arms akimbo and miserable.) Whered he go? No one can say that about my dick! You're obviously a very insecure individual if that's your idea of a joke!

Mike: (from under couch) Needle-dick the bug-fucker

John: You wouldn't say that if I knew where you were. (Moves toward bookcase at side of room) Am I getting warmer or colder?

Mike: Colder. Which will make your dick shrink up.

John: You'll never work in this town again! Plus I'll blind you forever if I catch you...

Mike: Maybe I can introduce you to some hot blind girls, braille-dick. Smell is the most important thing to them... (John spots Mike's foot protruding from end of couch. He grabs a table lamp and smashes the base on Mike's foot.) Oww! I'm lame. He's lame! You all saw it! Stop him! I can't fight! It hurts when I have to kick. I may have to use an unsightly cane for the rest of my life! Oww! Oww! (John seizes a fourfoot potted palm and begins jabbing

it under the couch.)

John: Come out! Come out and fight like a man! Do you want me to burn you out with crumpled-up newspapers?... (John takes. His own idea has just struck him. He begins to pack all the papers he can gather around the room under the couch. Mike does his best to kick them out.) It's no use. If this doesn't work I'll starve you out. You're wounded—you don't have a chance. Give up now and I won't blind both your eyes. (John lights a piece of paper and sticks it under the couch. Others about the room begin to laugh. Mike kicks the paper out.)

Mike: Never! Burning paper! Starving people out! You call yourself civilized! All right! You fight dirty, I'll fight dirty! You asked for it! (Two young actresses, Gale and Tiffany, move to positions where they can talk to the fighting parties. Gale kneels by Mike's couch; Tiffany stands close to John, her arms about him in gentle restraint.)

Tiffany: John, a lot of people have small cocks. The statue of David in Italy and a whole bunch of other people as well. It isn't important... (Fade over)

Gale: Michael, come out of there. You're being very immature. (Mike grunts several times.) Michael, for God's sake, what are you doing now? Don't be childish. You can come out—John isn't going to blind you. He doesn't even have anything sharp...

Mike: (mumbles) His dick's like an HB pencil.

Gale: Michael! It so happens that isn't true!

Mike: WHAT! How do you know?

Gale: If you promise you won't tell... (sounds of Mike rearranging self) Tiffany took a wax cast. He uses his dick to lock up his cocaine and she just, well, wanted to be able to get some, if he wasn't there. It's a special lock. There's only two of them in the world. Donald Sutherland's



and John's. His thing is like a key. An old-fashioned key.

(Cross fade to)

Tiffany: Come on, John.... Don't be stubborn with your little sex poodle.... Mike didn't mean what he said. He only said it because he knew it would get you angry.

John: No, he didn't—he said it to cause me incredible pain. The pain made me angry. He's jealous of my professional prowess, and my car, and the way when they gave me my Oscar I broke it in half and jumped on it and then punched out that guy who presented it like it was something I dropped.... (*Tiffany cuddles up*)

Tiffany: That isn't why, John. Promise you won't be mad if I tell you why he behaves that way....

John: I reserve the right to burn him and blind him in an eye or two as I see fit.

Tiffany: A long, long time ago, before I met you, John, I went out with Mike.

John: With him! You don't mean to tell me you dated him!

Tiffany: Listen to me, John. It was a long time ago. I was naive and on Tunnels and Aquavit. He told me he had cancer in his brains and had just three months to live. He said we

were going to get married right after by a preacher. He even called some friend of his who pretended to be a licensed clergyman.

John: (*mumbles aside*) My God! That was me....

Tiffany: I guess I was a fool, Johnny. Because I dated him. It was on the couch. I never even had my shoes off. I can't tell you how disappointed I was. I let him know it, but he told me to go to sleep. When he fell asleep, about a hundredth of a second later, I pulled my panties up and left.

John: Your panties, you let a stranger pull your panties off? The crotchless ones! You're lucky he didn't bung-hole your behind!

Tiffany: He was far too drunk to get into a tight place like that, John. (*Tiffany and John embrace. Mike slowly reaches his hand out and takes Gale's in his.*)

Mike: (*from under couch*) I love you.

Gale: Same to you with bells on it.

(SPFX: *A man in evening dress begins to play the piano in the corner. Noel Coward's "World Weary."*) *Jack strides across the room to the edge of the couch and stoops to address Mike while smiling at John.*)

Jack: Well, now that everything's settled, let's go do something unusual. That little quarrel of yours gave me an idea of how we can change our scene. Come on out, Mike. Okay, everybody, let's go. We're going to a library to look at the books!

Mike: Far out! Uh. Dammit, I'm stuck. Somebody lift this damn furniture. Feels like it's made out of wood or something. Haven't you ever heard of acrylics, Jack? (*Several men bend to the couch, lifting it slightly.*)

Mike: That's enough. I'm out. Put it down. (*He is only half out and trying to*

**"I can't tell you how disappointed I was.
I pulled my panties up and left."**



pull his pants back up. They shift the couch right off him and see he has taken a dump.)

Jack: What the hell, Mike? You might have asked for a skillet or something. The maid's going to have to clean that up, you know. How would you like it if you were a maid?

Mike: I wouldn't like to be a Mexican at all, let alone a maid. If I had to be a maid, I wouldn't work for you.

Susy: (*Jack's girl friend*) Oh, that's not really excrement, is it? It's some kind of gag from a prop shop. (*She reaches down to pick it up; her fingers stick in.*) It's very realistic! Yuck! That's not art—it's life! (*She rushes from the room to wash her hand.*)

Mike: (*defiantly*) He was pushing burning newspapers at me under a flammable couch. If he had done it one more time I would have hurled the feces in his face and made good my escape in the confusion.

Jack: Well, never mind that now. Let's go to the library.

Agent: Far out. Those places are potential gold mines. Hundreds of ideas. Some of them still applicable today, with

a few minor changes here and—

John: Shut up, you pig, before I blind you with a slash of my overgrown pinkie nail.

Agent: My God, don't touch my eyes. I make a living with my eyes.

Gale: Say, it's almost four o'clock. Are libraries open this late?

Jack: There's sure to be an all-night one somewhere. L.A. is a big town.

Mike: Wait a minute. I've got a Rolex Oyster watch. It's not four o'clock in the morning... it's four o'clock tomorrow. Afternoon.

Jack: Jack, then the sun is very, very late. **Mike:** No sun? Shit, my Oyster must be trashed. Probably the goddamn biodegradable detergent I've been using in the dishwasher.

Gale: Maybe it's not broken, honey. Maybe it's just set on New York time or Europe time. You never know what time it is there. Maybe the watch is right for there. You can keep it for trips, then, in your toilet kit.

Mike: I'd forget it, for sure.

Gale: Then wear it with your new watch. You can wear two watches. People will

understand.

Jack: Goddamn it, let's go whatever time it is, for Chrissake.

Susy: Jack... you promised you wouldn't... about Jesus.

Jack: Fuck it all—then why did I have to marry a Seventh Day pet-dentist? (*The party, including Johnny Bob, exit Jack's house and stand confused in the driveway. Limos block the way everywhere. Every chauffeur starts his engine.*) All right, everybody, into my car. It's the best.

Susy: Jack, your car's in the middle. It can't get out.

Jack: Well, we'll take whose car is on the outside then, how's that? Whose car is on the outside? (*Mike, who had been down to the bushes to take a leak, returns.*)

Mike: I don't know whose car it is, but the chauffeur's a Chink. He's wearing a baseball cap with horns on the front. (*A writer steps forward.*)

Writer 1: He's not a Chink. If he were, he would be called Chinese. He happens to be Korean and he is an honors student in gravity science at Ambassador College. It is just possible that he may be the one who eventually frees mankind from the fetters of gravity and enables us to abandon clumsy, inefficient limousines and leap about to where we are going. If he could, I believe he would thus do himself out of a job. Without a second thought.

Jack: Is this limo a rental job?

Writer 1: What difference does it make?

Jack: Because fucking towlifes rent those things. Herped-up rock bands with spook drummers who fuck women right on the backseat. Women groupies with the ambition to spread gonorrhea all over everything, including the complimentary matches.

Writer 2: Hey, if you don't dig the

fungus odds in his limo I think mine's parked right behind it. And it's not rented, it's borrowed. From a real old queer actor who never goes out because he's afraid of getting stomped by rough guys...

John: Watch what you say about actors, buddy. That guy's paid more dues than you'll ever pay. Keep talking that way and I'll blind you as blind as Stevie Wonder or Batman.

Writer 2: Sorry. It's a cinch the guy's within a hair of being a saint from all that suffering.

John: It elevates a man. (*They all cram into the car. Johnny Bob is more or less shouldered aside and sits up front with the chauffeur.*)

Johnny Bob: (*to driver*) What the fuck gives with these loons?

Driver: Shhh, man. Quiet for now. Talk later. Got a 'lude?

Jack: (*leaning head through partition*) If you don't have a speaking part, shut up. That's the first rule of acting. If you spend any time around a set you better learn that fast. You break the flow, and John might blind you.

Johnny Bob: Give me some Quaaludes and whiskey.

Jack: You're not supposed to say that.

Johnny Bob: Don't give me any shit, you fucking corpse. If I don't get some gorilla biscuits and Jack Daniels fast, I'll write myself a scene whipping your liver with a snapped-off antenna on a moonlit mesa. (*Jack passes forward pills and whiskey. Johnny Bob passes them to driver, who takes several from Johnny's palm and cradles the bottle between his legs.*) Here.

Jack: You know, the hardest thing for an actor to learn is when to be silent.

Johnny Bob: Shove it, lizard-brain. (*Jack pulls partition closed angrily.*)

Jack: Who is that guy? He looks part



something. Other than Italian or something.

Susy: He could be a very dark Jew.

Mike: No way. I'm a Jew. I know my people. They smell.

Jack: Let's get back to the script, okay? All right, driver, take us to the library as fast as you can. We're anxious to begin to grasp the vast store of learning contained therein...

Mike: Don't let's fool ourselves. There's more in one single book there than we could begin to learn in two lifetimes.

John: One single very hard book with outlandish words seemingly from another language.

Driver: Books, books, books. You won't find everything in books, you know. (*He drives off erratically.*)

Jack: No, maybe not. There are some things that can't be taught—they must be felt. But books open minds and minds can shape feelings. Surely a Negro like yourself would know that better than anyone.

Driver: Well, sir, book-read folks call me Negro and treat me nigger. Ignorant peckerwoods call me nigger and treat me Negro. Ain't none of 'em right but I'd rather have the peckerwoods. (*Some confusion in the backseat.*)

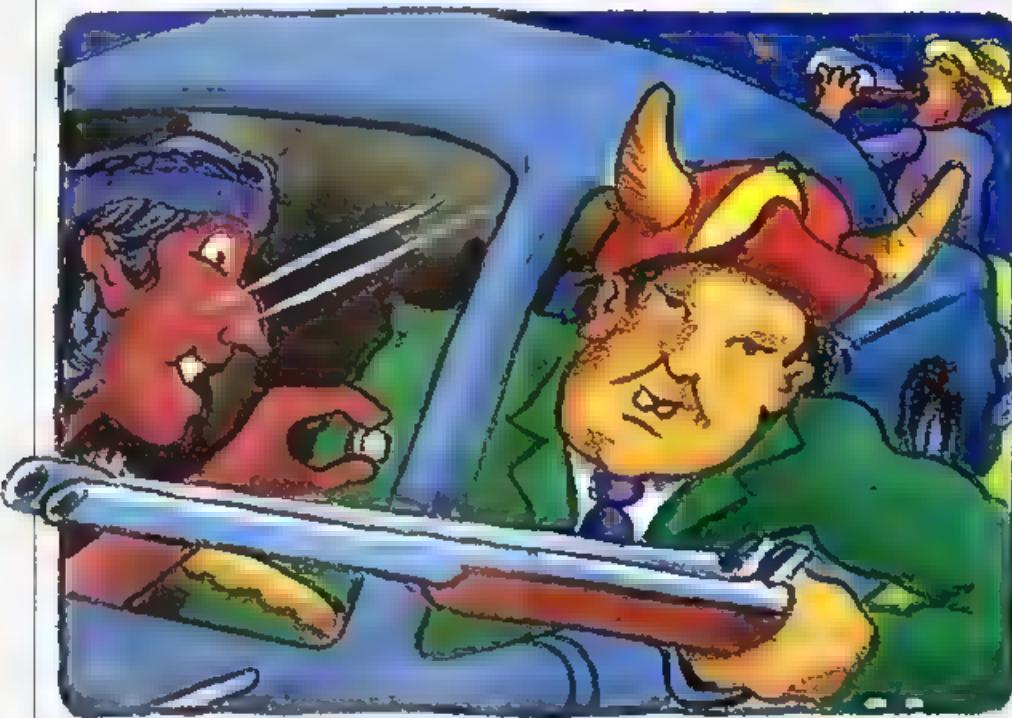
Jack: Driver, you're not black. You're supposed to be black.

Driver: No, Jimmy's supposed to be black and he is. He does what he's supposed to but tonight he had a chance to fuck some actress from the TV series about the garage and he went off in the bushes with her. Back at the house. So I'm like fillin' in. While he's back there. Until he gets here. Which he will not likely do, given the relative speed of a man and a good used car—

Jack: Shut up.

John: Well, he's white. This won't work. I vote we call this off. It wasn't working anyhow.

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*A smuggler
remembers*

The Hash Monster of Afghanistan

*by R. David
Holdaway*



His face, which was lined and full of wrinkles, betrayed all the common conceptions usually generated when one hears the word *smuggler*. His hands, though also wrinkled and dotted with brown age spots, were nonetheless steady as he crushed out his Lucky Strike on the guardrail and turned to me. I was thinking to myself, Who the hell smokes Luckies anymore? when a grin split his face into two round hemispheres.

"So whatta ya wanna know, kid?" he asked. His voice was like a rubber band stretched tight.

"Well, I began, "I heard some of the stories you told him and I wondered if you'd mind telling me a few firsthand."

"I see ya brought your tools." He gestured to my notebook and the pen in the pocket of my khaki prison shirt. "Well, c'mon in then." He turned back into the 6'x8'x10' cell, his "house" while in Uncle Sam's care. Uncle Sam, that is, through his custodian, the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

"I knew you 'uz comin' by," Gary told me. He grinned again. "I know your name, and you probably know mine, but

by God, though, didn't you put that in anything—but my friends call me Kenny. And you may consider yourself in that category if I consent to regale you with the put-on-a-mock W.C. Fields accent—"tales of past exploits and future dreams." His voice came back to normal. "So I ask you again, whatta ya wanna know?"

"Just start anywhere you'd like," I told him, clicking my government-issue pen. I'd once heard it remarked that most smugglers are "the most disgustingly self-righteous pack of liars this side of the



fucking police." Not wanting to make him uncomfortable in his own "house," I cautioned him instead about embroidering the truth.

He nodded, then asked, "Did Gary tell you about the hash I got in Pakistan?"

I shook my head and he replied, "Why that ignorant slut, that's one of my best stories." He grinned and I began to write.

* * *

I remember once (he said), I was between scams, dealin' a few pills in Huntington Beach, Newport Beach, that area, when I ran across ol' Mike Waddell. Now Mike and me had done a few good deals in the past, so I asked him what was shakin'.

"Oh hey, Kenny, man, you've gotta get in on this thing I'm putting together. I mean, it's gonna be something!"

"Slow down, Tiger!" I tell him, "and gumme all the smut." Ol' Mike always did have a tendency to get enthused with his work, but he was a dependable son-of-a-bitch, I'll say that much for him.

"Man, Kenny, I've got me a contact in Pakistan now that'll blow your ears loose. I met this guy through Kevin [an English dealer we both knew in the Netherlands] and he can get me all the hash I need—at get this—sixteen bucks a kilo." Mike was smilin' to beat all hell, so I figured, why not hear him out. Sixteen bucks a kilo sure got my attention, too.

"Look," he said, in sudden distraction, "why don't we drop by my house for a while and 'hash' this thing over?" He chuckled at his pun. "I haven't seen you in a while anyway. We'll drink a few beers and you'll flip when you hear this story. Follow me." He pointed to his car.

I got in my old Mercedes and followed him to a quiet neighborhood in Newport Beach. Hopping out, Mike strolled up the walk of a pleasant, middle-class-looking house. I parked and followed him in.

"Tell me more, Mike-o," I said as we sat down.

"Well, Monsieur—that's really his name, ain't it a scream?—told me if I ever came to Rawalpindi, he could get me all the water-pressed Afghani I could buy. So I flew there a couple o' weeks ago to check out the situation, and damned if it ain't everything he says it is. Kenny, this shit is mean stuff." He reached into a beautifully carved wooden stash box and withdrew a plastic baggie. "Here, this is some of what he can get us." I noticed the "us" even as I reached to inspect the rabbit turd-colored chunk of hash in the bag. It looked to be about 15 or 20 grams; dark brown, almost black, it had an uneven, mottled surface, but the grain was smooth and even. Quality look, I thought.

"How's it smoke?" I asked.

"Try some."

I sucked in a mighty lungful of Afghanistan's best. Through bulging eyes and congested ears, I saw and heard Mike laughing. Then the cough hit me and I



The Monster couldn't have been uglier if his mama had beaten him every day of his life until he was six.

choked and wheezed out most of the rich, sweet smoke.

"Goddamn!" I gasped. "This is some sharp shit!"

[This was before the Russians stepped into Afghanistan, Kenny told me as an aside, and—as a by-product of their greed for expansion—fucked up some of the best hash trade in the world.]

Mike's eyes were filled with tears of laughter. "I knew what was comin' but I didn't warn you because I wanted you to see for yourself just how dynamite this stuff really is." He continued to giggle.

"Thanks, asshole," I barked, though I started grinning, too, as soon as I felt the warm flush creep up through my chest. "So speak! What's the scoop? Tell me more about sixteen bucks a kilo for this." I tapped with a finger the pipe bowl in my hand.

Mike was filling the bowl of a bong from the remaining hash, at the same time explaining in his breathless, excited manner.

"This guy, Monsieur," he pronounced the name Mon-sewer, laughing again at the ludicrousness of it, "has some kind of tie-in with the higher-ups in Ali Bhutto's government, see, and he promises no hassles getting out of Pakistan with the load."

He paused to suck up a bowlful, then continued in that low, throaty, squeaking way of all dopers who must smoke and

talk at the same time. "Monsieur showed me all manner of dope, too," he rasped, "but none of it came close to the quality or price of this Afghani. I made a deal with him for 250 kilos to start. You interested?" he finished, his eyes expectant.

Through the hash haze, I felt my head nodding forward and, almost before I knew why, my lips parted and I was saying, in a molasses-thick voice, "You've got yourself a new partner, Mikey, ol' buddy."

* * *

Two weeks later we were on a plane bound for Karachi, Pakistan's major port-of-entry. En route we changed planes twice, once in Amsterdam and the second time in Cairo.

We arrived in Karachi and made arrangements to fly on to Rawalpindi, where we were to meet Monsieur.

Pakistan is a very hot, very smelly country. It was August when we arrived and 120 degrees all the time. The heat never seemed to abate; from early in the morning until very late at night it was almost unbearable. And everywhere was the sickly-sweet, suffocating odor of decay and dogshit, rotten food and human sweat.

Monsieur was waiting for us in the lobby of the Rawalpindi Intercontinental Hotel. He was obviously pleased to see Mike and just as obviously anxious to impress Mike's "rich" companion. (I had overheard Mike refer to me thusly when he called Monsieur during our stopover in Lahore.)

"I hope that I may be of some assistance to you both in this endeavor."

He offered, along with his hand, a brilliant smile worthy of any friggin' toothpaste commercial. I complimented him on his good command of English and he explained it hadn't always been so, but that a four-year stint at the University of Southern California's School of Law had done wonders toward making him adept at English, which he called "the language of business."

He was a tiny man, barely 5'3" or so, and couldn't have been uglier if his mama had beaten him with a bat every day of his life until he was six. His constant smile, a flash of white in the nut-brown pool of his face, scarcely alleviated his ugliness, but after I came to know him better and saw how truly scrupulous he was in his business dealings, it became for me a mark of accord. Like Peter Lorre, in *M*, Monsieur (whom I privately nicknamed the Monster) was so grotesque that one quickly became inured to, even felt an affection for, his lack of physical beauty.

"After you both have freshened up, I will take you to see the hash. I would imagine that is your first consideration," he said. Listening to his stilted, yet proper, pronunciations reminded me of

the movie *Gunga Djin* I felt like the Monster and I would become good friends.

A shower and fresh clothes brought temporary relief from the stultifying heat, and Mike and I were grabbing a drink in the lounge when the Monster returned. We hustled into the back of a small car of indeterminate make and model and the Monster took the wheel. The streets of Rawalpindi are not the worst of any capital in the world, but when we left the city the roads became atrocious. I felt at any moment that we would high-center the little car on one of the many boulders in the roadbed. As we headed toward wherever the hell we were going, the Monster outlined what he'd done for us so far.

"I have secured a canning machine as you asked, Mike, and a local merchant has supplied me with 25 cases of empty cans which he uses to can pears. If, as you estimated during your previous trip, each can will hold one kilogram, we should have more than enough to do the job."

"How about the labels?" Mike asked.

"Please forgive me, I almost forgot them." He reached into the glove compartment and withdrew a sheaf of printed labels. The Arabic script was incomprehensible to me, but the printing looked good. They identified the contents of whatever they would be affixed to as "disinfectant." It did seem rather incongruous that a country as filthy as Pakistan would be exporting disinfectant, but Mike had been adamant in insisting on using that as a cover. He claimed to have used an identical scheme two years earlier with no hassles at all, and he was a great believer in success through past experience.

"Just like I told you, Kenny, Monsieur here does good work." Mike reached over the seat and patted him on the shoulder as he talked. "These won't have any trouble clearing customs in Montreal. In fact, we oughta get Calvin to give us a break, since there's so little risk."

He was referring to our Canadian contact, whose dummy importing-exporting company would be receiving the load. Calvin guaranteed safe delivery into his Montreal warehouse for \$40,000, or the equivalent in hash at the current Canadian rate of \$1,000 a pound. From there it would be our problem to get it into the United States. All we had to do now, though, was see that our 250 kilos reached Amsterdam, Calvin's team would take it from there.

It was the Monster's job to shepherd the hash from Pakistan to the Netherlands. For this, the sad-faced little man would earn \$14 a kilo over the asking price of the load.

The Monster swerved off the highway onto a rutty side road. Another five minutes and we were pulling up in front of a ramshackle farmhouse. There were several small domestic animals around



"He says that as the resin is rubbed into balls, the thighs of young virgins are used as rubbing boards."

and it looked as if the place were deserted. Alighting from the car, the Monster was greeted by an older, more wizened version of himself, dressed in a flowing burnoose and chattering in rapid-fire Pashto, the language of Afghanistan, I later learned.

The Monster introduced his friend as Hakum. Hakum was the chief of a small tribe of bedouin-like Afghans who grew the ganja from which our hash had been made. Hakum spoke no English, but his gestures were obvious. The first half of our load was in a shed a few yards distant, the Monster translated. Would we care to see it?

Certainly, we chimed back.

Together the four of us, two hulking Americans and two diminutive Asians, approached the large wooden shed. Hakum opened the door and held out his arm for us to precede him. I stepped forward into the cool dimness inside the shed.

On a table alongside one wall sat the canning machine. Its shiny metal surfaces contrasted sharply with the dark colors of earth and wood around it. Beside the table lay eight burlap bags. Looking expectantly at Hakum, who nodded, I knelt and opened one of the bags. Inside were ten packages wrapped in what looked like bread wrappers. According to Hakum, through the Monster, each package contained approximately two kilos of hash.

Doing a quick computation, I looked up at the Monster.

"I thought you said this was half? I see at least 160 kilos here, if all the sacks contain equal amounts."

"Ah yes," he replied. "I see that I was mistaken. When I told Hakum how much you would be interested in buying, he promised at least half would be here upon your arrival. Plainly there is more than half here," he smiled. "Perhaps Hakum wishes to show his good faith." The Monster shrugged and turned to the older man. Another exchange of words and more than a few nods from Hakum proved out the Monster's assertion.

This was an unexpectedly good turn of events. Mike and I had both feared there would be a holdup of some kind in getting the first half of the load, which would have further delayed the second half, and here we were with almost two-thirds of it all right in front of us.

Our happiness at such good luck and our pleasure with Hakum soon had all four of us grinning and laughing. Mike grabbed me in a mock headlock and shouted, "Ain't this beautiful? What'd I tell you, man? Ain't this fucking bee-yoo-tee-ful?"

Off to the side the Monster stood, with a sheepish grin, satisfied that he had done a good job for his American friends.

Hakum had split the evening we arrived, leaving a young girl behind to attend to the cooking and cleaning for me and Mike. He would be returning in a week with the remaining 90 kilos to complete the deal. Before he left, I had paid him for what was there when he arrived. Twenty-seven hundred dollars American. His joy at counting out that much money—a fortune to him—was almost sensual. He carefully wrapped the big wad of hundreds and it disappeared into the folds of his burnoose.

The week saw a couple of unplanned-for developments. First, Mike came down with a serious case of dysentery. Within 24 hours after we arrived, he was prostrate with fever and chills.

By the fourth day he was half-delirious, alternately sweating, then shaking from chills.

I asked the Monster if he could bring a doctor from Rawalpindi to attend Mike. He shook his head, then explained.

"I do not think this is a very good idea, Ken. A doctor might be inquisitive as to why two Americans are here in such an isolated place. If he raised an inquiry, it would make things very difficult for us, no?"

I had to agree with his logic, but it was apparent that something had to be done for Mike or he could die, and that would definitely make things difficult, to use the Monster's words.

"There is a man I can go to," he said, "who may be able to help us. He studied medicine in Israel, but did not receive a degree. He works for a chemist. I

will see what can be done."

With that we shook hands and he took his leave. I got busy canning the hash. Even though the work was not hard, the fucking heat made it harder than it should have been.

Picking up one of the two-kilo bricks, I split it lengthwise with a large knife so that I had two inch-thick slabs, approximately 10 inches wide and 18 inches long. Working on a large, smooth board, I held a steel ring the Monster had procured for me that was just slightly smaller in diameter than the cans the hash went in. Using a hammer, I pounded the ring down through the hash until it cut through to the board. I now had a round pancake of hash an inch thick that fit perfectly into the can. The scraps left over I mashed together and rolled flat, repeating the process. Each of the blocks filled two of the cans almost exactly. The canning machine was a simple device, the opposite of a can opener. Set the can in place, drop a lid on top of the heaped-in hash and rotate the gear. Presto: can-o'-hash.

The labels were easy, so I usually did all of them at once, as the last step of the day.

Slice, bang, plop. Slice, bang, plop. I worked steadily through the afternoon. Sweat rolled off my forehead and down the small of my back. The blisters on my hands were beginning to toughen so that all I felt was an occasional dull ache. Slowly the pile of cans grew.

Monsieur returned late in the afternoon. He stepped out of the car with a small paper bag in his hand.

"I hope I have brought some relief for Mike," he said, holding up the bag. "My medical friend assured me this would reduce his fever and restore his strength. We shall see."

Inside the house, on a small table, Monsieur spread the contents of his package. There were two plastic packets of powder, one brown, the other grayish-white. Between them sat a glass bottle. I could see a viscous-looking brown fluid inside.

Picking up the bottle and unscrewing its cap, the Monster walked over to Mike's bed. Gently cradling Mike's head, he held the bottle to his lips. Mike drank without protest, though it was obvious from his grimace how the liquid tasted. Leaving him, the Monster returned to the table. He picked up the packet of brown powder.

"We are to boil this in water and give him a small cup every four hours. If this and what I just gave him to drink has no effect," he pointed to the packet of gray powder, "we are to do the same with that." Obviously the gray powder was to be used as a last resort only.

Well, whatever the hell was in that bottle, in concert with the brown powder drink, began to work immediately. By the next morning, Mike was sitting up,

talking animatedly while he ate breakfast. When I told him how things had progressed during his "vacation," he laughed.

"Sounds like you were on top of the situation, old son. When's Hakum due back with the rest of the stuff?"

"Tomorrow if we're lucky."

"Good. I'm about tired of this place anyway."

"You'd really be tired," I said, "if you'd done all the work I've done the last few days."

That afternoon he was strong enough to walk out to the shed. Seeing the eight sacks, empty and heaped in the corner, moved Mike to remark, "Brother, we are

*I knew that if
I could just get
one more toke
of this shit,
I'd have
The Answer.*

gonna clean up when we hit L.A. with this shit."

I could only agree, but before I could say anything, we were interrupted by a shout from outside. It was Hakum, a day early! Our luck seemed to be getting steadily better.

Greeting the little nomad, we helped him unload more of the ubiquitous burlap bags from his burros. There were four sacks, one heavier than the others. Except for the heavier one, which contained 15 of the two-kilo bricks, they were identical to the earlier eight.

With a quizzical look on his face, Hakum seemed to be asking if everything was all right. Through gestures and pantomime, we managed to convince him that it was.

The Monster returned as we were storing the four sacks away in the shed. He was surprised to see Hakum. They chattered for a few minutes before he turned to us.

"Hakum has made good time, as you can see. He wishes to know if you are satisfied with the amount."

I answered for both of us that Hakum was a stand-up guy and Mike and I were both very satisfied.

"Then, if you have the remainder of his money, he has a small present for you. A token of his appreciation at doing business with you, I believe you would call it."

The four of us returned to the tiny house. The girl, Farah, made tea as we counted out

the money, her eyes big when she saw the stack of C-notes Hakum picked up and wrapped with string. As we sat enjoying the strong black tea, Hakum reached into his burnoose and withdrew a small, square slab of plastic-wrapped hash. He handed it to me, almost as if an offering. Unwrapping it, I noticed that it was of a lighter color than what we had bought from him. I asked the Monster about this. He turned to Hakum and there ensued another brief exchange in Pushtu. Hakum punctuating his remarks with cackles of laughter. In the corner, I saw Farah blush and hide her face.

"He tells me," said the Monster, "that this hash is made from very special ganja plants, which are given extremely tender care. None of it is ever sold; all is consumed by his tribesmen. He says that as the resin is rubbed into balls to be pressed into slabs, that the thighs of young virgins are used as rubbing boards.

"I do not know if this is the truth, or if he is making a joke, but it remains that he is making a gift to you of something which he considers very special."

"Tell him we are grateful and ask him if he will join us in smoking a portion of this gift."

The Monster translated and Hakum nodded his head.

All four of us remained at the table while Farah, at a barked command from Hakum, obediently brought an ancient-looking brass and bamboo waterpipe. I noticed it had only one hookah.

Hakum tore a two-inch corner off his gift and crumbled it into a grainy, golden pile on the table top. Heaping the bowl of the pipe full, he struck flame to it with a huge, wooden match and sucked on the hookah savagely. The bowl glowed a deep red and Hakum passed the hose to me. I evacuated my lungs and then breathed in slowly, wary of the cough I'd encountered the first time I'd smoked the water-pressed Afghani. To my surprise, I felt no hot, burning acridity in my throat, but instead a rich, earthy coolness invited me to seek more, more, more ...

At length, I slipped the tube from between my lips and passed it to the Monster. Immediately upon moving my arm, my chest and head and crotch began to feel as if they were covered with a thick coating of warm Vaseline. I breathed out slowly through my nose and it seemed so fucking *natural* to do so. Mature, well-developed thoughts of life and love began to fill my head, vying for space beside feelings of despair and loneliness, nuclear destruction and the gentle touch of a young baby's skin. My head began to throb in time with the Beat of the World. I knew that if I could just get *one more toke of this shit, I'd have The Answer.* With a building feeling of warmth and well-being, I awaited the return of the hookah.

continued on page 75



Nepalese Fire

Text and
photos
by Laurence
Cherniak

Great Balls of

Hashish is practically redundant in the Shivapuri foothills of the grand Himalayas, the place is so naturally hallucinatory to begin with. Marijuana grows into *trees* here, 20 feet tall and beyond. Giant silk-haired monkeys squat brooding in the branches, idly strumming with taloned toes the cable-thick retaining strands of spiderwebs that stretch from tree to tree, causing the whole crazy-quilt web pattern to quiver and bounce in the tropical mountain sun.

This region of the outlandish ganja trees is so far out of the world, it's considered a haunted fairyland even in fabled Katmandu. Up ahead, presiding over all this region of hallucination, rise the misted blue-gray bluffs of the Langtang Himal, broad and high as a whole continent, supporting above them a snowcapped celestial hemisphere.

Even here, so far away and above the



rest of the earth, you come across human villages: squat, gray stone lodges roofed with planks, planted amid swales of mountain asphodel, poppies and those preposterously tall marijuana trees. The people here came somehow from the yonder side of the Langtang a generation ago: the Tamangs, refugees from Tibet. Back in Katmandu the men impersonate the most appalling kind of badmashes, glowering and skulking forbiddingly around the Indra Chowk market pavilion where porters gather for hire. They finger their filagreed curved daggers suspiciously when any Western *feringhee* approaches, sullenly deny at first that they know any of the trails into the Shivapuri, and then terrorize you with stories of the bloodthirsty tribal headmen and thug mobs that supposedly infest the hills below the Langtang. They desire, wisely, to discourage dilettante voyeurs

and tourists from penetrating the districts where Royal Nepalese hashish originates.

Once back among the hills, though, the great gap-toothed smiles open hugely, and with every lungful of mountain air these murderous-looking badmashes exhale a vital humanity and joy in life as vast and high as the Himalayan sky above. At every village the backpacks are shed, children and dogs giggle and bark around the collecting party, sweet green tea is brewed up in fancy copper kettles and the local hash is brought out for tasting.

The clay chillum is tamped with olive-colored hash. "Dam Maru, Dam Shiva," invokes the taster gravely, tapping the chillum's mouthpiece to the site of his third eye before trying a drag. From his nose on the exhale plume forth twin pennants of white, thick, hash smoke, dragonlike, as his eyes circle open mightily with the familiar surprise of Royal Nepalese, and then slit again in familiar contentment. The signs of approval are always duly manifested by the taster, one eventually realizes, in every village, whether or not the hash is really superb, or of only middling quality. Simple respect for labor ordains the gestures of appreciation while the smoke is in the head; the true indication of the product's quality comes later on, before leaving for the next village, when the taster orders much or little, as the case may be, to be prepared for his collection on the return trek to Katmandu.

If much is ordered, everyone in town sets to fashioning balls of Royal Nepalese. This is a conservative, labor-intensive endeavor; along the Kosi Bote, even crude wooden book-presses are suspiciously regarded as newfangled innovations, certain to corrupt the integrity both of the Royal hash and its producers, and so the

entire process is still done with the

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The ganja trees of the Himal are plentiful and generous of their magic resin.

bare, unaided hand. The result, perforse, is inimitable.

For all their grandiose dimensions, the ganja trees of the Himal are plentiful and generous of their magic resin. They live up to two years, and resin can be harvested regularly from their long, shaggy colas. This is undertaken in the early morning, or after a light rain, so that the dampness of the buds aids the gatherers by rendering the resin sticky; they rub the buds gently between their palms, until a uniform coat of green resin forms from fingertips to wrists. This is scraped off with a knife, rubbed into long finger-wads, pressed flat in the palms, and wadded up again until the texture is smooth and uniform.

The greenish wads are collected and stuffed in plastic bags, which are left out in the sun to sweat. When clear beads of sweat dapple the insides of the bags, and the blond-turning hash fingers are soft enough to squash lightly under the tip of the thumb, the wads are soured around the bags to reabsorb the clear resin, and removed for pounding and shaping.

The pounding is done with wooden and copper rods. A typical finger-wad flattens out to the circumference of a dinner plate, wafer-thin and bright yellow, after two or three hours of fastidious pounding. Intermittently through this

process, the partie is lightly moistened with water from a spittoon-shaped copper pot, rewadded and rubbed flat between the palms. Tamang women are assigned to do this, generally; an uncareful presser will often develop blisters before the hash is rubbed and pounded into the proper consistency for a temple ball.

A good deal of magic is believed to be involved here, which perhaps is why it's left up to women. Some individuals can form a complete and perfect temple ball, about the size and color of a large plum, in just a half hour or so, with no particular visible method involved. These women who fashion perfect temple balls, it seems, do so every time without exception: "She did it the very first time she ever put her hand to it," you are told, "and she never fails."

To everyone else, the effortless accomplishment of these few women partakes of perfect prestidigitation. For most people it takes hours to roll a temple ball, keeping it soft and tacky with their own body heat, feeling out invisible clumps and clots of solid resin with the fingertips and rubbing them flat, without letting them slip away like bubbles, to pop up elsewhere. Some people simply can't roll temple balls at all, ever; they perspire too much or too little, their body heat subtly changes with time, or their

blood circulation to the fingertips is insufficient. So those who can magick up temple balls dependably and effortlessly are rightfully regarded as very special people indeed.

The uniform consistency of Royal Nepalese is the substance of its superiority over all other hash in the world. Interior lumps of hardened hash will inevitably impair the integrity of the whole ball, causing it gradually to crack and shiver from within. Due to its exceptional plasticity, Royal Nepalese is particularly subject to damage from drying, rot, or—worst of all—mold. The ultimate trick in fashioning a temple ball, therefore, is to promote the formation of a uniform, uncracked *skin* all around it. Some special magic in palm-pressing is involved to develop this outer layer, which is about the thickness and consistency of cheesewax. Once it's fully formed, with nary a thumbnail crease or white joining thread visible on its surface, the ball is complete. When the hash trader retrieves it on the way back to Kathmandu, he will gently press into it the unique and unmemorial cartouche of Royal Nepalese.

(See next page)

Adapted from The Great Books of Hashish, by Laurence Cherniak, © 1979, And/Or Press, Berkeley, Cal.







Suzanne Opton

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna Guns 'n' Ammo, Guns 'n' Ammo

He can be seen in airports selling miniature American flags, or on busy street corners singing hypnotic chants. He wears a saffron robe, his head is shaved, there is a faraway look in his eyes. He is a devotee of the Hare Krishna movement, and he claims to be on the path of peace, love and the ultimate religious experience. But if you peek under his robe, you just might find a 45. And if you look into his japa-bead bag,

there could be a pound of cocaine.

Consider:

- In Holland, two Krishna devotees, one a former temple president in Tokyo, are convicted of trying to smuggle two kilos of heroin through the Amsterdam airport;
- In England, a Krishna devotee

is awaiting trial on charges of possessing 65 pounds of hash oil;

- In Hawaii, a devotee is busted for possession of a pound of morphine base;

- In Southern California, seven devotees, including a Laguna Beach temple president, are convicted for participation in a multimillion-dollar hash oil smuggling ring; two others are charged with possession of three kilos of cocaine; another is convicted

by Michael Dorgan

of possession of more than a pound of pure heroin;

• In Northern California, police discover several Krishna arsenals and an ammunition factory and charge 11 devotees with 18 felonies, including armed robbery, burglary, auto theft and possession of a submachine gun.

Those are just a few highlights. When they are combined with evidence of paramilitary training at Krishna communes and rumors of Krishna safehouses in a half-dozen countries, the movement takes on the appearance of a renegade band of guerrilla gurus bent on blasting their way to eternal bliss with heads filled with drugs and hands filled with blazing automatics.

But as Hindu scripture tells us, appearance can be illusion. What is the reality? It's not easy to know. There may be several. At the very least, there are two.

One reality, that of those sympathetic to the movement, is that the organization has at times been the innocent victim of cynical individuals who use it as a cover for illicit activities. These sympathizers say that because the movement is in the business of providing spiritual salvation to all corners—including the drugged, the dangerous and the dispossessed—it is open and therefore vulnerable to those who would exploit it.

Another reality, that of a growing body of critics, is that the Krishna movement has become more concerned with material gains than spiritual ones and is blind to, if not in complicity with, numerous illegal activities. Critics also claim that the movement, or at least certain factions of it, has been corrupted by powerful gurus in the grip of mad visions of imminent holocaust.

The first problem in finding out what's really going on within the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON) comes with finding out just who's in the movement. Whenever a devotee gets busted, it seems, it is announced he has never truly been a devotee or has already been expelled.

Take the case of the seven presumed devotees convicted earlier this year in connection with the Southern California hash oil smuggling ring. Bharata Das, aka Harold Wilson, national press spokesman for ISKCON, says it was a case of mistaken association. "That was a bunch of people who were ex-devotees," he said in an interview. "You really can't hold our movement accountable for people on the fringe."

But according to Travis Levesque, an agent for the federal Drug

Enforcement Administration who worked more than two years on the case, the hash-oil operation was set up by a man who was then president of the Laguna Beach Krishna temple.

That man was Roy Christopher Richard, who was sentenced to five years in jail for his part in the illicit trafficking. According to Levesque, Richard and Joe Davis, a Krishna crony, recruited temple members as mules to carry the oil, hidden in typewriter cases, from Pakistan to California.

The Krishna connection did not end there. In 1976 Davis and Richard founded Prasadam Distributing International—named, ironically, after

In the raid on the Lake County commune, police found a grenade launcher, 17 rifles and shotguns and thousands of rounds of ammunition.

the food offered to the deity Krishna—apparently to launder money from the smuggling operation. Despite a seemingly unlimited supply of cash from drug sales, Prasadam ran into financial trouble. Davis and Richard went to Alexander Kulik, himself a dealer of assorted drugs, for help.

Kulik also had Krishna connections. He may not formally have been a devotee, but he was devoted enough to have delivered, according to his later trial testimony, more than \$2 million in drug profits to ISKCON founder H. S. Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. He also testified he donated more than \$80,000 to the San Diego Krishna temple. Kulik reportedly responded to Prasadam's pleas for help by pumping a cool \$1 million into the business.

At this point events took a turn toward the bizarre. Davis believed he was being ripped off by some of his business partners. So he and Kulik hired three mobsters, who had been relocated with new identities to California from the East Coast through the federal government's witness protection program, to act as enforcers. The mobsters squeezed three Prasadam partners, including alleged cocaine dealer Steve Bovan, out of the business. The former partners, in turn, kidnapped Kulik and collected \$100,000 ransom.

Following Kulik's release, a contract was reportedly put out on the former partners. Soon Bovan was

found dead in a parking lot with nine bullet holes in him. The next day Kulik, who was living in a \$400,000 house, was arrested while sleeping in his \$100,000 car. There was more than a pound of China white heroin, valued by the cops at \$1 million, in the trunk.

Meanwhile, Kulik's brother David was heading toward legal problems of his own. David, identified by law enforcement officials as a member of the Los Angeles Krishna temple, was busted in London in April of 1979 for possession of 65 pounds of hash oil.

More recently, two other members of the Los Angeles temple were arrested on drug and conspiracy charges. Responding to reports of a disturbance at a home in Santa Ana in April of this year, police found one of the temple members handcuffed and suffering from multiple bruises and burns. When they searched the house, the cops found three kilos of cocaine and nearly \$250,000 in cash.

On the rare occasions Krishna officials do acknowledge that certain persons implicated in recent drug and gun cases are devotees, they are quick to assert that any unsavory behavior is the fault of the individual, not the organization.

Haihaya Das, until recently the president of the Berkeley Krishna temple, says, in effect, that to hold ISKCON responsible for the acts of people like Alexander Kulik would be like holding the Catholic church responsible for the acts of the three Italian mobsters who killed Kulik's associate. Then, mixing comparisons to clarify his point, he adds: "If you work at Coca-Cola, they're not responsible for what you do at night."

Certainly not. But at least they would recognize your name if they read it in the newspaper. Not necessarily so with the Krishnas. Each devotee has two names—his or her original name plus an Indian religious name—and some devotees have more names than the dancing god Shiva has arms.

The Krishna fugitive most wanted in California has at least three names. He began this reincarnation as Michael Ra. ph Pugliese. Then in 1978, while in Hawaii, he legally changed his name to Dino Bhandu. A year later, in Washington State, he again went to court and changed his handle to Lance Presley. Since then, according to police, he has been known to different people by all three names.

Pugliese, who police say was the personal servant of Srila Hansadutta Swami, one of ISKCON's 11 spiritual masters, is wanted in California on charges of forgery, grand theft, felony



Temple members pose at the entrance to the "Palace of Gold"

battery and credit-card fraud. He is also wanted in Tokyo for robbery.

Pugliese may have learned his sleight-of-name tricks from Hansadutta himself. Born Hans Kary in 1941, the guru has been primarily known as Hansadutta since joining the Krishna movement in 1967. In 1979, however, Kary went to court in Washington State and legally changed his name to Jack London. Despite the name change, police say he has since often used his original name, including on four occasions when he bought guns.

One of the guns registered to Hans Kary, a long barrel Colt 45, was found by police last spring in an unregistered Mercedes Benz parked near the sect's Berkeley temple. Also in the car were four rifles, including two military assault rifles, two other handguns and a 9-mm Ingram submachine gun.

After being told by a devotee that the car was being used by his spiritual master, the cops arrested Hansadutta for possession of a weapon illegal under federal law—the Ingram. Charges against him were not pressed, however, after Krishna member Vladimir Panasenko, aka Vipra, came forward several days later and said the machine gun was his. Later, charges against Panasenko were also dropped as the police's extensive search of the Mercedes was ruled illegal.



Devotees joining together for a bit of lunch

With Panasenko, as with Alexander Kulik, the question again arises as to who is and who is not a Krishna member. Press spokesman Bharata Das affectionately dismisses Panasenko as merely a fun-loving gun nut who "just wanted to go pop off a couple rounds to see what an automatic weapon was like," and says he was "never really much of a devotee."

But according to the cops who raided a 400-acre Krishna commune in Lake County, California, a few months earlier, Panasenko wheeled up in a black Mercedes during the raid and announced he had just been named manager of the commune by Hailaya Das, who was then still president of the Berkeley temple, which oversees the commune. Whether the Krishnas would turn over the top post in a major commune to someone who was "never much of a devotee" is open to question. What does not seem questionable is Bharata Das's description of Panasenko as a "gun nut."

When Panasenko stepped from the Mercedes, he was wearing a holster. When police searched the car, they found a 9-mm Browning automatic. It was not mentioned in police reports if Panasenko, who was born in Russia but reared in Germany, was wearing any Nazi paraphernalia, as he reportedly did around the commune.

The raid on the commune was made in connection with a credit card case. Police found not only thousands of dollars worth of tools and household materials that had been purchased with stolen credit cards, but also a grenade launcher, 17 rifles and shotguns and thousands of rounds of ammunition. They also found a document titled "Rough Plan for Temple and Fortress Combo," which featured drawings of a temple sitting on an underground fortress.

What police failed to find were any of several rifles and handguns purchased with the hot credit cards. In fact, they found no handguns at all. But because they did find several cases of ammunition which could be fired only in handguns, they strongly suspected that commune members had been tipped off about the raid and had hidden or removed many of their weapons.

Nor did the cops find their principal suspects in the case: commune president Walter Bernstengel, aka Vrndavan Candra, 32; Peter Kaufmann, aka Chakavarty, 29; and Hartwig Dalldorf, aka Harerma Nana, 33. All are believed to be German nationals. According to one source, they were brought to the United States by Hansadutta to improve his fund-raising efforts.

Dalldorf, who was identified by commune members as the commune's weapons instructor and who is also



Affixed to a Los Angeles hilltop is this series of Fiberglas statues depicting the various changes of physical life

wanted by Mendocino County, California, authorities on grand theft and burglary charges, has ties to Hansadutta going back at least to 1974. That year they were both busted in Germany on charges of possession of illegal weapons and begging under false pretenses. Headed by Hansadutta and operating out of a castle near Frankfurt, the German band of Krishnas reportedly collected \$1.1 million in just seven months by claiming donations would feed starving children in Biafra and Bangladesh. But according to the German prosecutor, only \$6,900 went to India and none to starving children.

The whereabouts of Dalldorf, Bernstengel and Kaufmann are unknown, but they are believed to have fled the country, possibly to hole up in one or more of the Krishna retreats which are said to also serve as safehouses. According to agent Levesque, the movement maintains safehouses in numerous locations, including the Philippines, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Indonesia.

When the cops raided the Lake County commune they were met by a group of wide-eyed devotees who told them they were arming for a "holocaust," which they said had been predicted by a "pure devotee." A pure devotee is one who can see past and future as well as present. There could

be little doubt they were speaking of Hansadutta.

In an affidavit in support of a search warrant filed before the raid, Berkeley police inspector Charles Crane wrote: "I have been informed directly by seven members of the Berkeley Hare Krishna temple that... Hansadutta Swami is the man personally responsible for the accumulation of firearms by members of this group, and that he encourages these persons to accumulate and possess assault-type combat weapons and ammunition."

According to one devotee, Hansadutta is in deep meditation somewhere on the East Coast, according to another, he is on a world tour. Whichever the case, the elusive swami—who rules over territory that stretches from San Francisco to Sri Lanka and encompasses the northeast coast of the United States, Hawaii and the Philippines—could not be reached for comment on Crane's allegation or for an elaboration of his vision of the holocaust.

Despite a growing number of references to him in police files and newspaper articles, the handsome (despite his shaved head) and charismatic Hansadutta retains an aura of mystery. But then how could there not be such an aura surrounding a man who, after being born in Germany and raised in the Bronx, becomes a leader in an



A group of devotees abandon themselves to the glory of Krishna.

Eastern religion and a self-appointed general preparing for a holocaust?

Born in Brunswick when Germany was in the grip of a different vision of holocaust, little Hans Kary moved with his parents to New York in 1950 at age nine. He became a U.S. citizen, served a stint in the Navy and then embarked upon a career as a freelance photographer. That career ended, however, when in 1967 he joined the Krishna movement.

Quickly, he rose through the ranks. In 1968 he was appointed a missionary and roamed the world spreading the word. By 1974 he was in charge of ISKCON operations in a half dozen European countries. That was the year he was busted for begging under false pretenses while operating out of a \$1,800-per-month rented castle near Frankfurt. Then in 1978, a few months after being convicted of the false begging charges, Hansadutta was appointed to the movement's highest position—he became one of the 11 "spiritual masters." With the title came a vast domain, an apparently unlimited budget and the authority to initiate new devotees, over whom he would wield unquestioned authority.

Now, with Hansadutta gone and the heat on, other sect members have become hesitant to speak of holocaust. But they make it clear they see trouble dead ahead.

Haihaya Das, for example, flatly

denies his movement is arming itself for a holocaust. But he does acknowledge that Krishna members are being relocated from cities to the countryside because their leaders "know there's going to be a world war" and "the way the economy's going, something can happen pretty soon."

But why the guns? Haihaya says movement members have only what they need for self-defense. Asked if he believed grenade launchers, such as the one discovered during the Lake County raid, are needed for self-defense, he said that item was overblown in the news reports—it had simply been a matter of someone buying a certain rifle and "a grenade launcher just comes with that kind of rifle."

As for reports that military-style training has been conducted at the Lake County commune, Haihaya said: "Maybe we didn't manage well. Maybe some people went there in the mountains to practice something, but that wasn't our organization. All our activity is to help people advance in their spiritual life." Which is one helluva job in these days of...

Kali-yuga. A time of quarrel and anxiety, the winter of the universe. We've lost our vision of the Godhead and live only for the indulgence of our senses. But though indulged, our senses are never sated, and our appetites grow more ravenous as we grow more demented. Meanwhile with 427,000 more years of Kali-yuga to go it doesn't look like things will be getting better real soon.

Cataclysm and catastrophe fill the future. Every imaginable horror will ravage the planet and then unimaginable horrors will follow. Those who today eat hamburger will tomorrow eat their own young; there will be nuclear war, pestilence, famine and disease. Finally, all will be consumed in a great conflagration.

But there is hope! For among us demon meat-eaters, drunkards, fornicators and gamblers there is arising a corps of devotees who have renounced this world of dust and turned their senses to what lies beyond. Like all of humanity, these devotees have achieved their human shapes by passing through 8,400,000 forms of life. But unlike the rest of us,

when the devotees have concluded their current lives they will not again repeat the slow and painful cycle of reincarnation. They will return to the Godhead, return to...

Krishna: the Supreme Personality of Godhead. He first took human form 5,000 years ago as the transcendental, flute-playing cowherd boy of Vrndavan. Then 500 years ago he again appeared, this time as Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu, to present to the world bhakti-yoga, the central element of which is the maha-mantra, the hypnotic chant that can now be

When a local sheriff went to a sporting goods store to buy ammo, he was told the entire stock had been bought by Krishna members.



Etan Hoffman

heard on the sidewalks of almost every city in the United States.

The teachings of Caitanya were passed down through a succession of swamis until they found an heir in A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, an Indian pharmacist and religious writer who, at age 70, boarded a freighter and headed for America. It was 1965.

After collecting a few followers in New York's Lower East Side, Prabhupada split for San Francisco and the Summer of Love. In Haight-Ashbury, his ranks began to swell. There was no talk of holocaust in those days. People weren't into holocaust; they were into getting high. "Stay High Forever," urged the leaflets passed out by Prabhupada. "No More Coming Down. Practice Krishna Consciousness. End All Bringdowns."

But in the heart of hippieland the acid was already getting bad. For

many, chemically fueled visions of world peace and spiritual bliss had already shattered and the pieces lay with the dogshit and hamburger wrappers in the gutters of Haight Street. They had fled suffocating lives in Pittsburgh and Kansas City, in New York and Corn Town, Iowa, and had chased their dreams to the end of the continent. Now their dreams had burst and there was nowhere else to go. Or was there?

Many had put in a lot of time on sidewalks and highways, always going somewhere yet never getting anywhere. If drugs had failed to deliver what some had promised, they had at least provided glimpses of a richer perception and what seemed higher consciousness. Perhaps the true journey lay inward. When Prabhupada spoke, they listened. What he said was

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare
Hare Rama, Hare Rama
Rama Rama, Hare Hare*

Devotees repeat this maha-mantra 1,728 times each day, which is 16 laps around their strings of 108 japa beads. It's all they really need to do to achieve spiritual realization, but its effects are greatly enhanced if they don't eat meat (which dulls the brain), don't have illicit sex (which

saps the spirit), don't take intoxicants (which do all sorts of things) and don't gamble (which is wasting time with anything other than gaining Krishna consciousness).

The maha-mantra spread from San Francisco like Orange Sunshine and the Grateful Dead. Though no reliable figures are available, one Krishna official says the sect now has 5,000 full-time monks worldwide and hundreds of thousands of followers. In the United States alone, he says, the movement has between 60 and 70 temples and several thousand members.

With people came money and property—lots of it. Among notable contributors were ex-Beatle George Harrison, who donated a 23-acre

continued on page 21

**"O all-attractive, all pleasing lord, O energy of the lord, please engage me in Your devotional service."

the first is still the same



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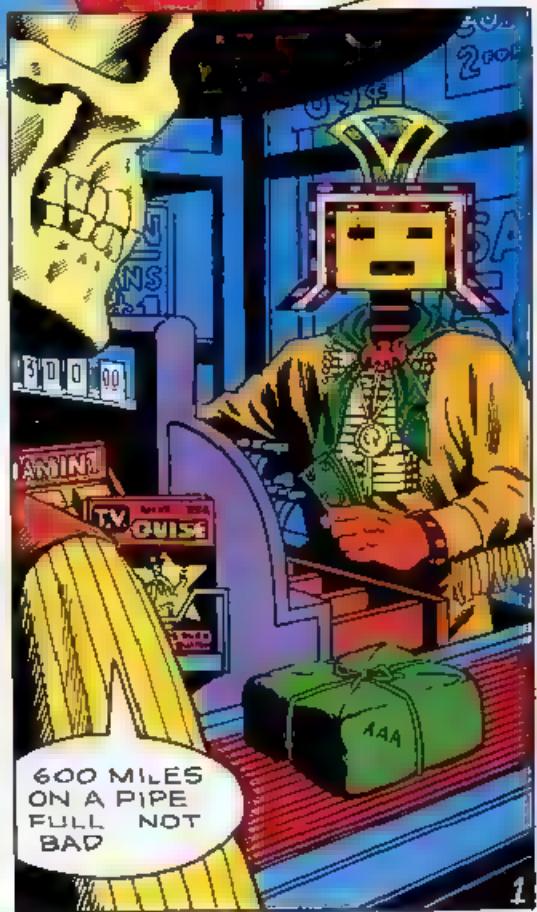
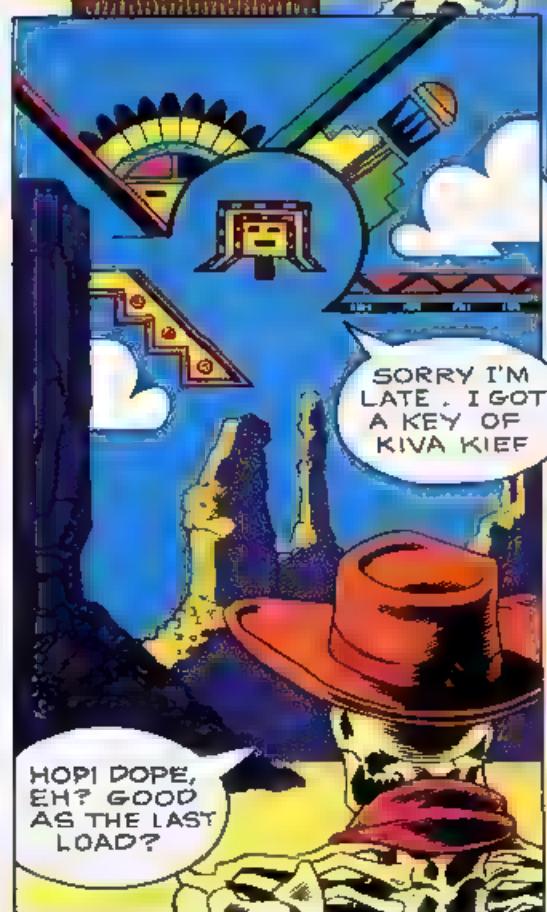
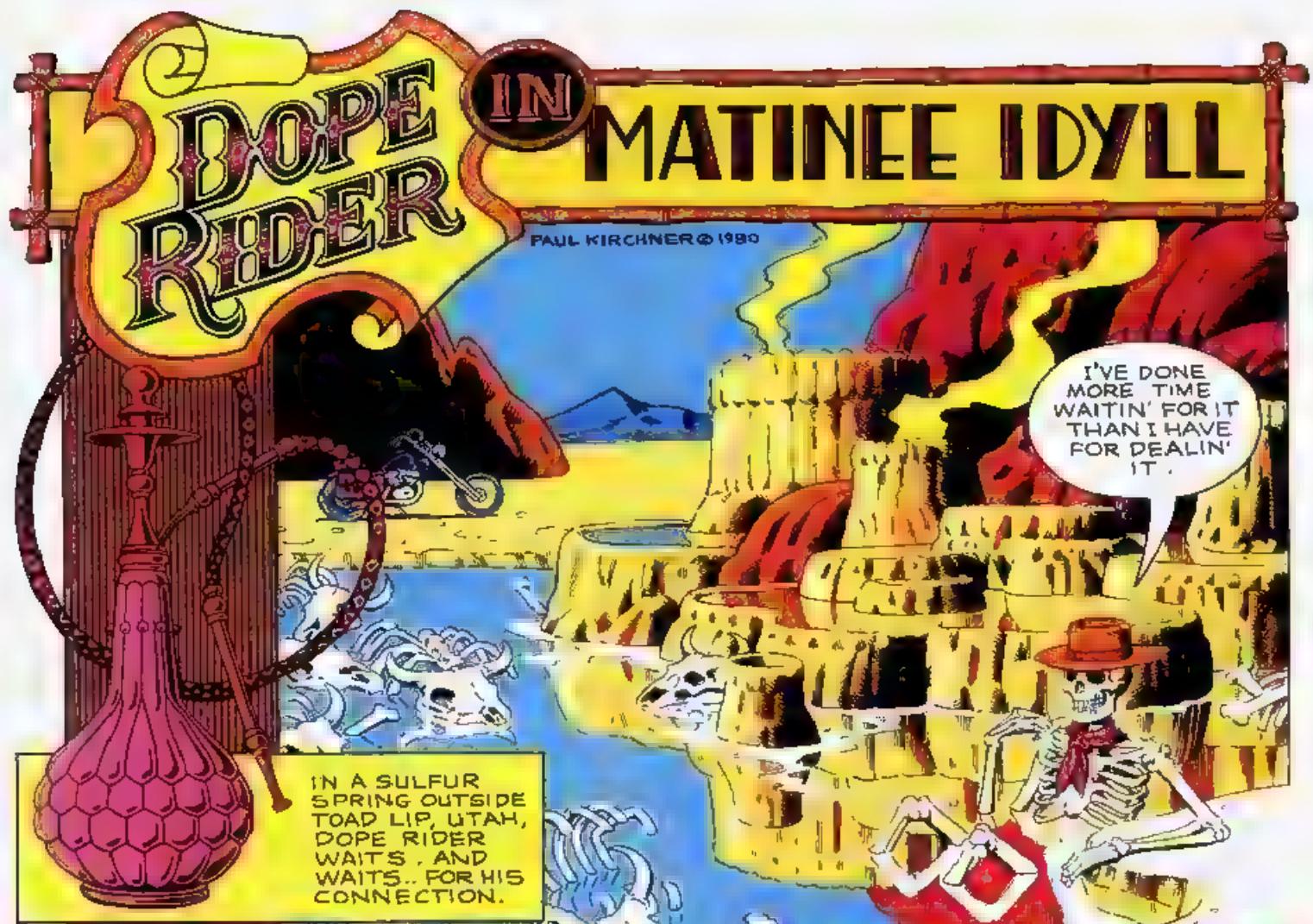
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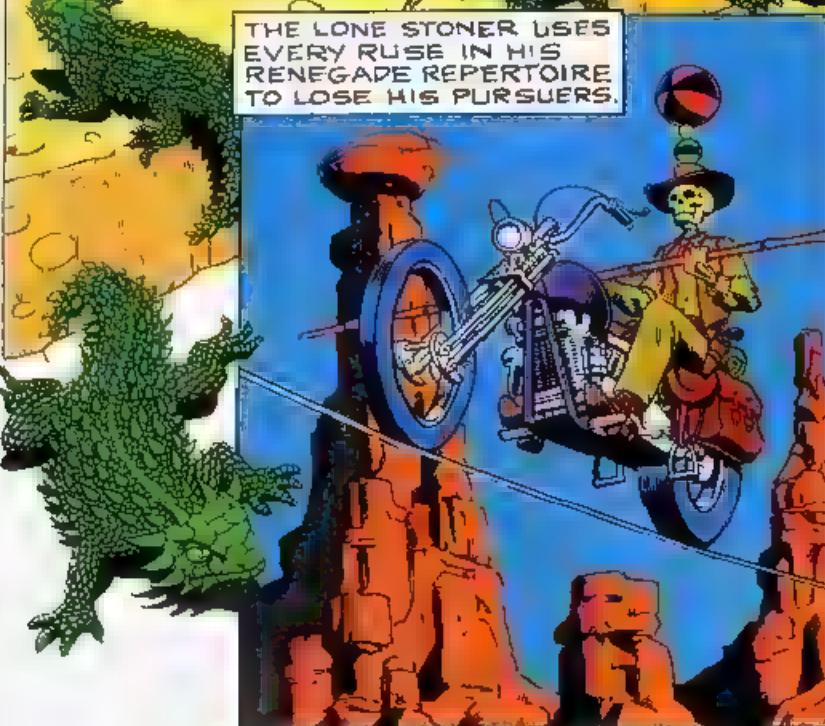
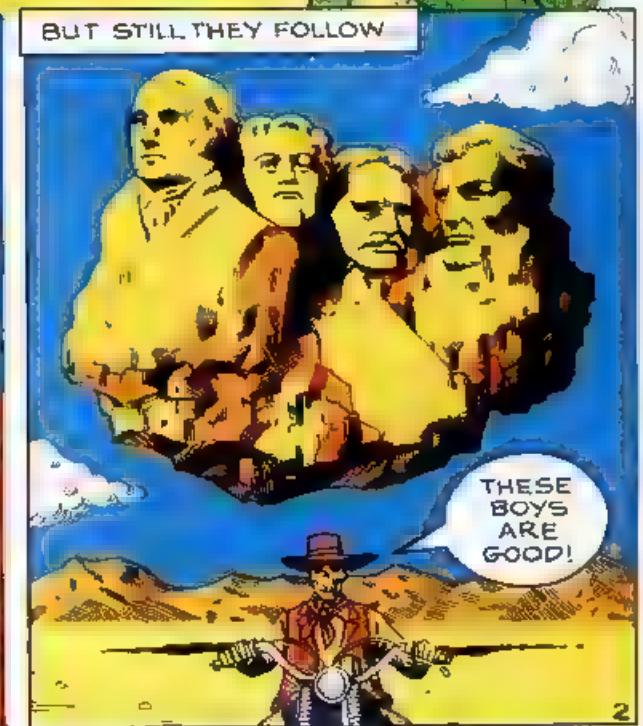
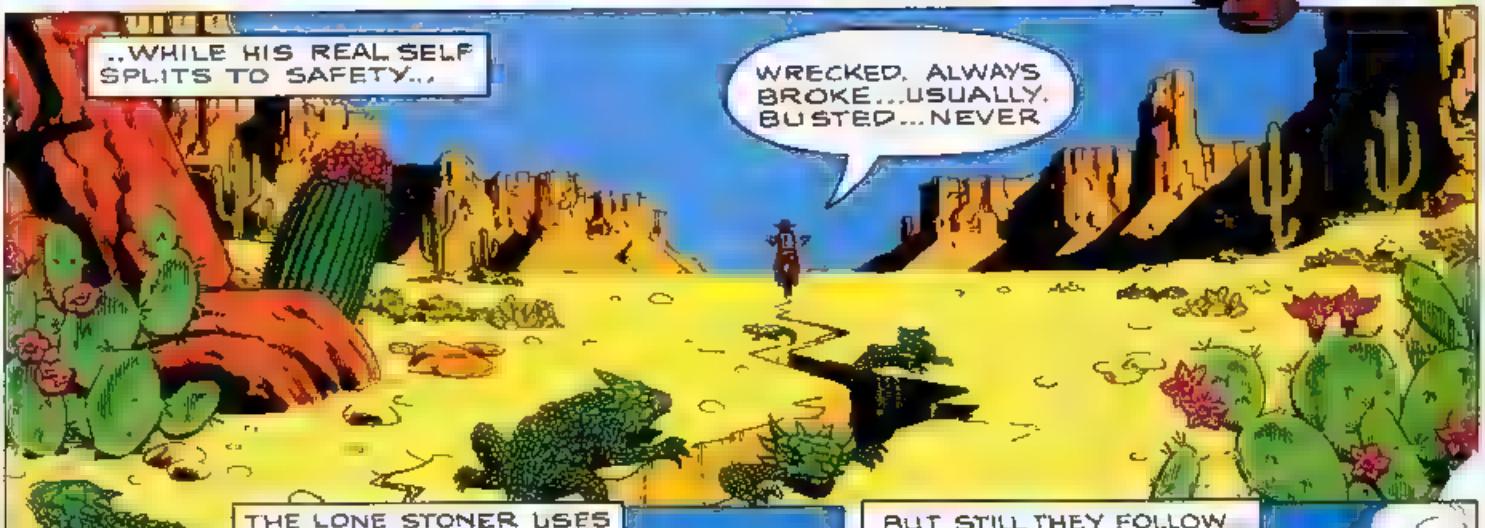
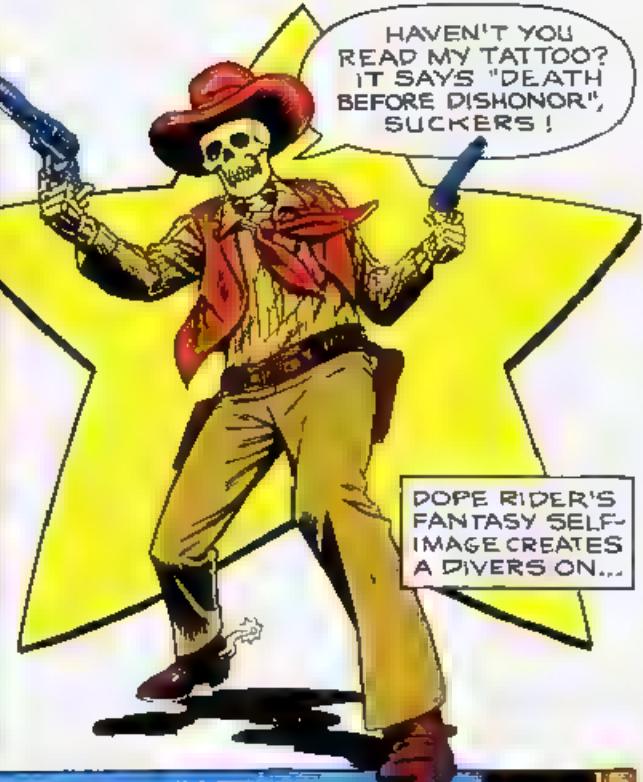
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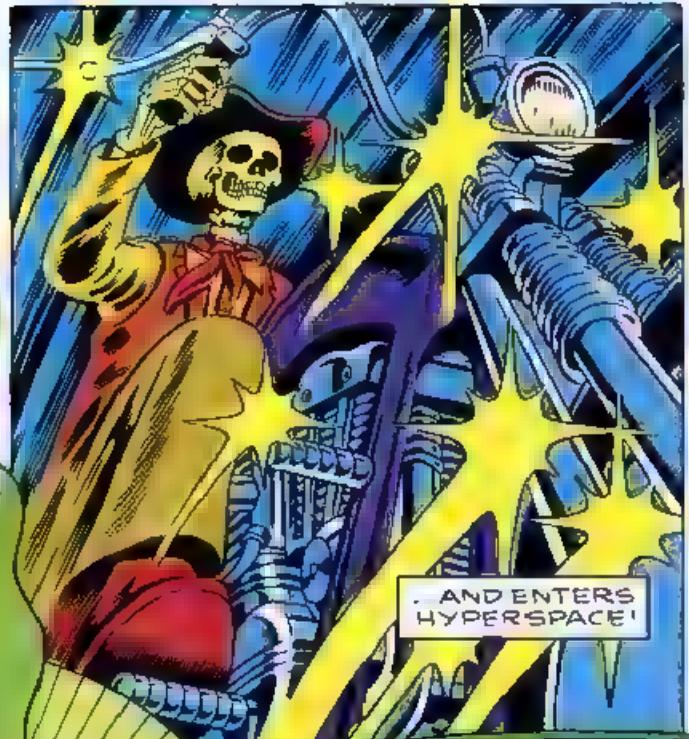
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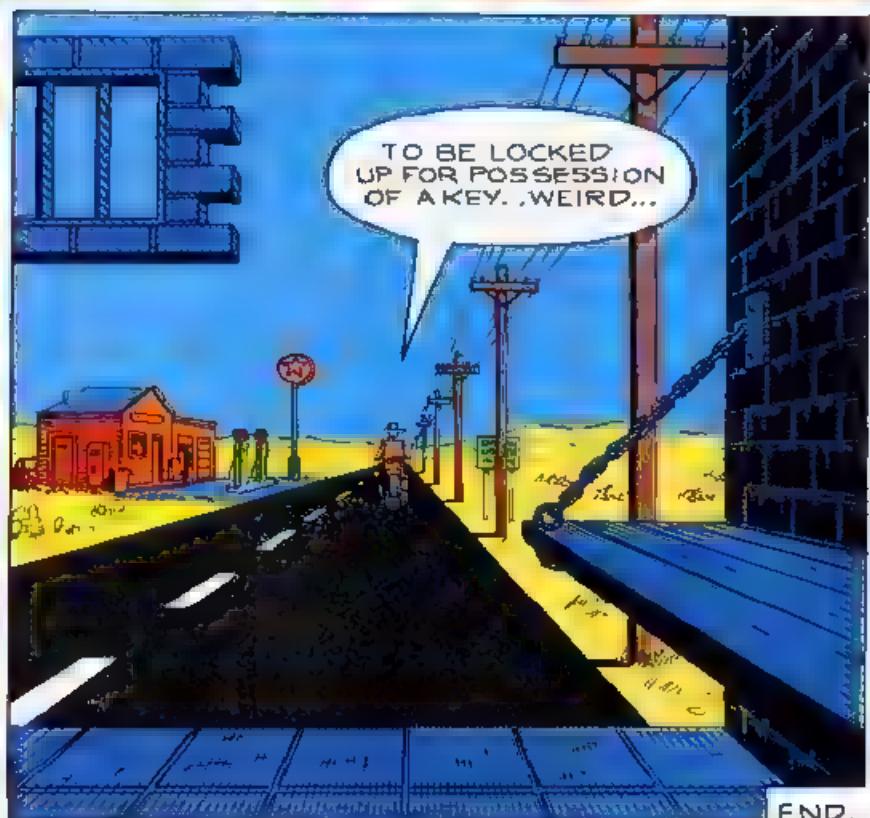
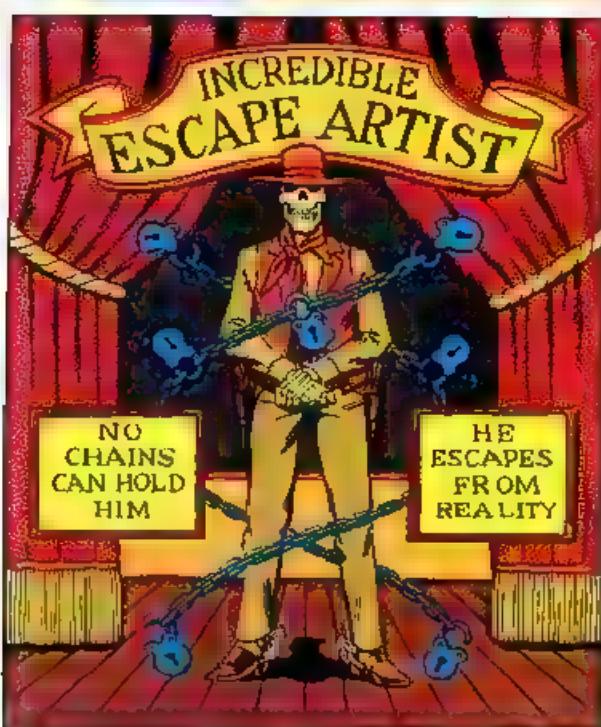
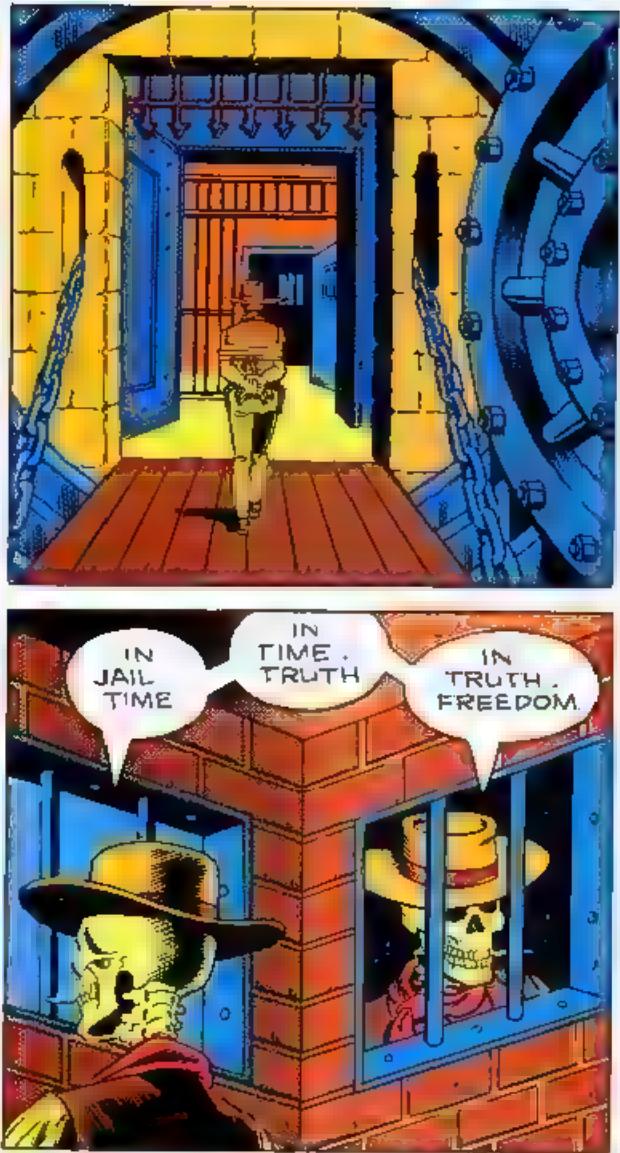
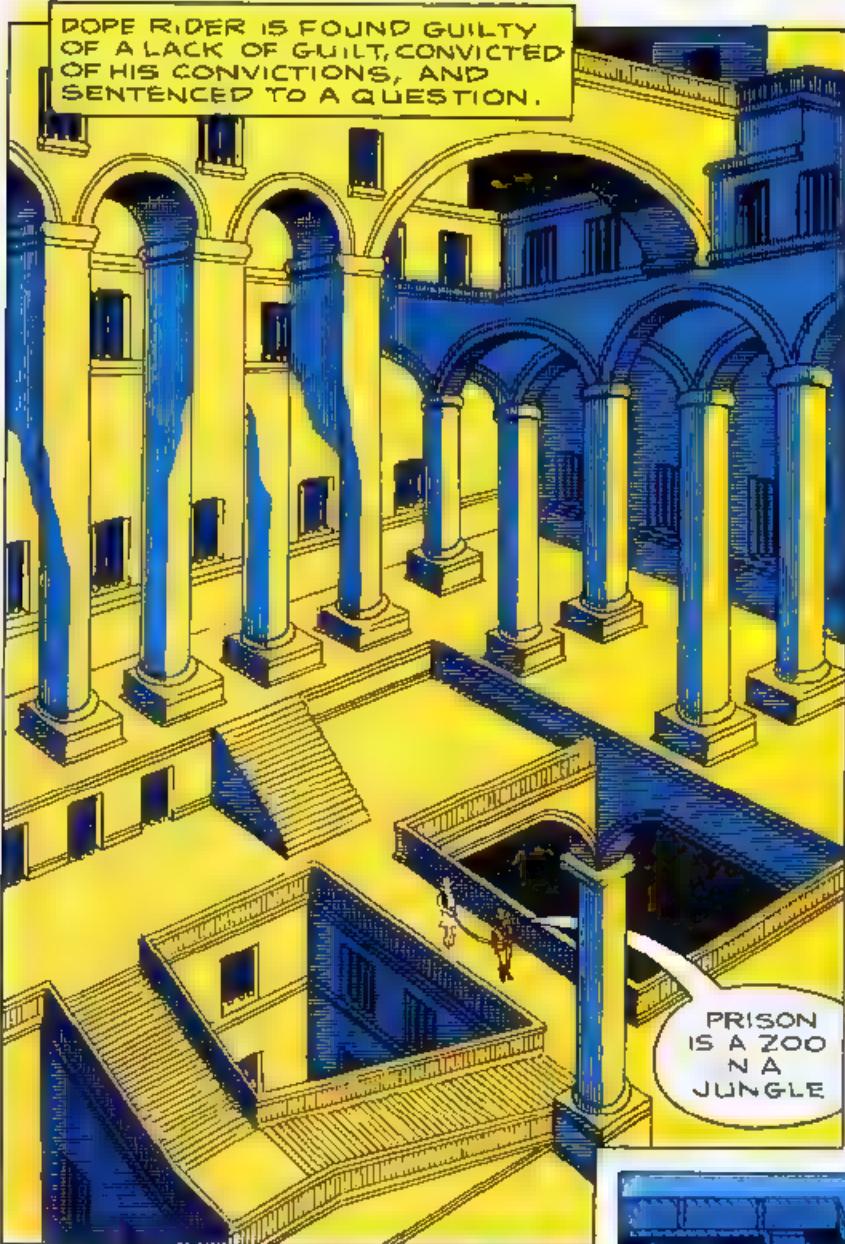
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LUSTBUCKETS AND DOUBLE DRIBBLES

SATURDAY MORNING WITH THE GLOBETROTTERS

BY
DEAN
LATIMER
SORDID AFFAIRS EDITOR

"Okay, you're gonna be our gonzo journalist," he tells me. "Don't change a thing. Skuzzy sneakers, stinky sweatshirt, lousy teeth, gobby midriff—you're gonna be our Uncle Duke, only down, man! Hunter Thompson gone bad! Fear and loathing turned in upon itself, baby!"

Which is not an awful bad idea, when you think about it. I always had the feeling, when people talked about the stuff Thompson wrote—never could abide that type journalism myself, never turned a page of it—there was always the feeling that most of the ugliness therein described was what the writer brought with him to the event. Not a bad scam. I'd be terrific at it.

But Sloman kept on in this wise:

"So we get you into all kinds of nerd events. The Olympics, wherever the hell they have 'em. We can get you full press accreditation for the political conventions. Get you hyped up on whatever kind of dope you want, a couple slits in slinky disco gear, motel rooms with waterbeds, go to town, Jack! Every two-bit journalist's wet dream. You'd hate every minute of it," Ratso concluded triumphantly, "and the prose would just sing."

Yeah, I'd just as soon draw the line at the slits and the waterbeds, though. Maybe we can work out a compromise. I could take along a friend who'd pretend to be a slit, and she could write in the dirty parts herself, out of her head. That would take some of the pressure off, maybe.





Photo courtesy Globe Photo

Like, what was I supposed to do with a slit in Madison Square Garden, or she with me, at 10:30 on a Saturday morning? It was the wrong time of day to do any dope, even, much less boogie. Understandably, the designated slit didn't even show. Fine by me, I needn't tell you. All my moxie at that time of a weekend morn is concentrated just behind and a little above the spot where my eyebrows join in the middle, and there it hurts me dreadfully.

A lovely gray drizzle was happening outside, that was pleasing. A Manhattan drizzle, you see, is not a fine downspatter of rain like everywhere else; no, what happens is that translucent vapory clots of metallic mist wander round about

thoughtfully overhead among the buildings, musing absently, and occasionally they reach a satisfactory point in their deliberations, and condense suddenly all over and around you. I like a town that does that, honestly. When your inside is as the outside, and your outside even as the inside, there is really nothing lacking in your life just then.

I was lacking a pen, is how I got so blissfully soaked. The Bic I brought with me died, it turned out, just after I'd picked up the complimentary press tickets to the Globetrotter game at the gate, and plucked the pen out to note taking. Blue sticky gunk got all over my fingers doing that; the Bic was hemorrhaging. No reason for it, it was a brand new Bic. God knew I

would enjoy a good long walk in the drizzle, is all, so He set one up for me by smiting my Bic.

The walk was grand, sure, but have you tried to buy a pen in a strange neighborhood lately? "Hey, mon, I got no foking pen, mon! You think this a foking *liberry*, mon? This look like a foking *liberry* to you, mon?" It didn't used to be this way. "A pen? I'm sorry, sir, this is Barnes and Noble. We sell books, not pens, sir." Yeah, ten years or so ago, you didn't used to get this palpable hostility when you asked to buy a ballpoint pen.

"Spare jays, man, check it out. Primo Hawaiian seedless, check it out. *La pura dorada de la Santa Marta*, man, check it—"

continued





THE GLOBETROTTERS WERE HORSESHIT, CONSIDERABLY LESS ADROIT THAN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS.

"You wouldn't have a pen or pencil I could buy, would you?"

"No, man, but if you're real fucked up I got Tuinals. I got Triavil, check it out. Two monoamine oxidase inhibitors and a pint of Ripple and you'll be good for two days, man, check it out."

No, it didn't used to be this way, when a person was just asking for something to write with. Once upon a time, it was a perfectly innocent, even honorable thing to do, to ask to buy a pen. Of course, that was back before

you could get away with poisonous grammar like "It didn't used to be this way." We have no one but ourselves to blame.

So back into the Garden at length, properly clumsy amid a gaggle of lads in their very early teens, off to see the 'Trotters. One of them had a new copy of *Screw*, another was smoking a Camel (not inhaling), ah, they were a stout young wholesome pack of louts, out on their own of a Saturday morning.

"I got a free ticket to the

Globetrotters if one of you guys has a pen."

"You're full of shit."

"Naw, look, here it is. See the date, perfectly kosher. I ain't a fruit or nothing. You guys can get a refund before the game starts and split \$8.50 if you got a pen to trade."

It's a 59-cent black Flair felt-tip. I am writing with it now, though God knows why. The idea was to do a race riff on the Harlem Globetrotters. "Perfect idea!" Sloman exulted. "We never do race shit in this magazine. The schwartzes don't even read *HIGH TIMES*. They think we're a buncha fairies. Shit, you've lived with black folks all your life, Latimer. You go up to Hector's on Amsterdam and snort a little doogie with the bloods now and then, righ? Lee, call the Garden and get Latimer a couple tickets to a Globetrotter game. Go over there and do us a race number, Dean. Do something that'll get us all cut, man. Piss 'em off good!"

Well, they're black all right. My seat was around the third row behind the 'Trotters' backboard—about the last place from which you want to watch a basketball game—and every one of them was sure enough black. For the pregame horseplay they were each wearing bright blue sweatsuits with square red and white sailor bibs. Seeing these patriotic hues, I was nasty enough to make a note to the effect that no one nowadays seems to remember those black American runners in the '68 Olympics in Mexico City, standing on the medalists' platform throughout the National Anthem, faces beautiful in contempt and triumph, giving the clenched fist to the world.

It's hard to hold that mood real early on a Saturday morning when you're one among a mob of blue-suited cub scouts, older teeners shepherding their squirming younger siblings, and suburban moms and dads holding in their laps little thumbsucking teeny-tinies so very, very small but so *afet* you'd think they were a whole 'nother subspecies of critter from human beings proper. Their shoes. Their little, little shoes with the little laces and shining bull's-eye gromets, exactly like yours and mine, but so *small*! Yeah, I know, we permanently deafened thousands of little teeny-tinies just like this over Christmas of '72 in Hanoi, because they hadn't yet developed the reflex to clap their chubby little hands over their crinkly little ears when the bombs went off—but *shif* somehow that just makes me love 'em more when I'm around 'em.

By any standards but theirs, the Harlem Globetrotters were horseshit.

These guys do a race schtick so feeble it don't even signify, and their basketball itself is considerably less adroit, technically, than professional wrestling. I had been confident that if worse came to worst, at least I could've whipped up some suitable vituperation against the team they always play against, or speaking more properly, off from. Most of 'em, you see, are white.

The Washington Generals: "Redd Foxx's Washington Generals" is how they're introduced, and if that's not a blatant invitation to indulge in some incendiary white-people chauvinism by a properly gonzo journalist, I sure don't know what could be more convenient. Here's a bunch of mainly white stooges whose profession is to be run ragged, puffed, made mock of, and just generally bedunced by a bunch of *black basketball players*! A person could run off reams of viciously irresponsible social comment about this, if he'd never seen a Globetrotters game live in Madison Square Garden.

But nope, the race thing just don't signify whatsoever. The honkies do the straight men and the shines do the horseplay, but the only way race enters into it is that it wouldn't work the other way around. The kiddies who watch Curly Neal creep up behind a white foul-shooter and cop the ball just as he braces back for a set shot, they are just hip enough to race to find it absolutely hysterical. Curly duly hands the ball back after some fancy showoff, the guy makes the shot, order is restored and the game goes on. This is kinda sweet.

The kids know it's not basketball. They jump and yell at a good noisy slam-dunk performed by either team, but a one-handed midcourt over-the-shoulder from Geese Ausby, arcing beautifully straight up and round swish through the net, is received with mild, silent admiration; it's obvious even to the teeny-tinies that nobody plays defense on either side here. The Generals discreetly stay 12 to 14 points behind the 'Trots at all times, the gordo caricature of a referee overreacts hysterically with his whistle at every Globetrotter infamy, and by the third period a gonzo journalist with a drug-abuse hangover is just *unsupportably* bored and thirsty.

He is also getting flirted at. Dear God, the deck is stacked, you know that? Now I do my level best to physically embody everything that threatens every decent person's sense of seemly order and wholesomeness. Before noon of a Saturday in particular, I sincerely hope there is nowhere a more unpalatable spectacle than I

present, in the shirt I slept in last night, and my skuzzy gray sweatshirt, long hair all seaweed from the dreamy drizzle outside, rumbling with phlegm, burping acid, bloodshot through and through.

And here two rows off is this 14-year-old big sister in her nifty long gray wool skirt and charcoal panty hose, knowingly flirting with me over a scramble of her mindless small siblings. They do that, y'know. They live rich fantasy lives, those fledgling snotlings. Kneecaps, she was doing kneecaps for me on purpose, and aggressive eye contact. Nothing whatsoever behind it, of course—you're an out-of-the-ordinary older guy. I'm a brand new sexy person, I got a bunch of little brothers and sisters I feel lots older than, and if you say a word to me you're in for the hassle of your life. Mind you, I would never in a million years have done so much as twitch my mustache at her—I find women my own age scary enough, thank you—but this is how it

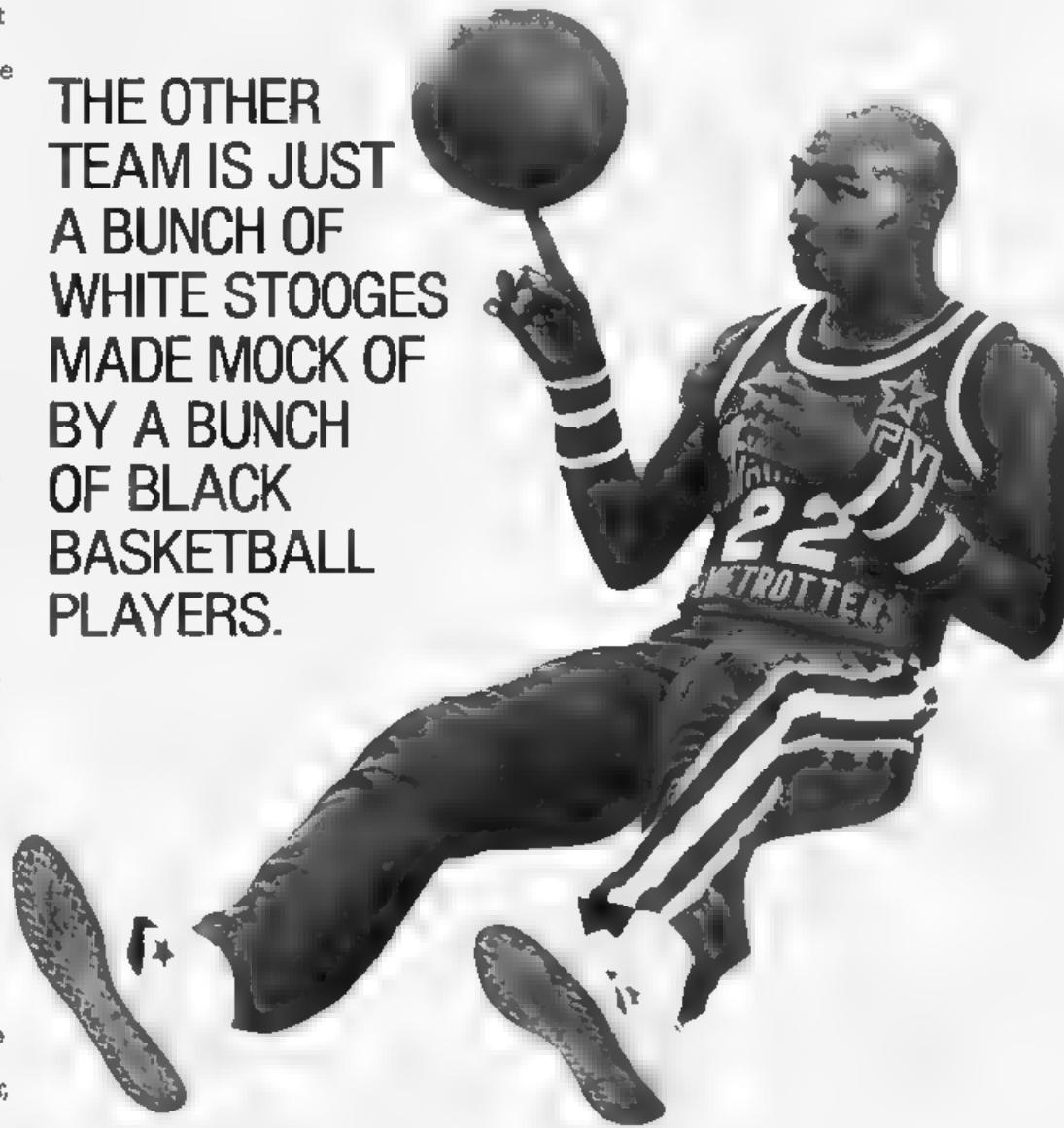
always happens at such events, and it seldom fails to happen. The deck is fucking stacked.

"Sweet Georgia Brown" was duly whistling over the Garden PA system as the kids boogied out, after the final buzzer. And I mean to tell you they boogied, those that could walk yet. You never saw a brisker batch of kids after sitting two hours straight in the same place. Even the teeny-tinies were content, not a cranky puss among them; either they were as alert and hypersentient as they started, or they were smacked out on their baby-hormones, masticating their thumbs on papa's shoulder. I was full up to here with love for the whole snotnose audience, if there was ever a nongonzo journalist, I daresay that day it was I.

"How'd it go with the Globetrotters?" Sloman is gonna ask me. "Who are we gonna piss off, the schvuggies or the goyim?"

Fuck. This could set the craft of gonzo journalism back 20 years. □

THE OTHER TEAM IS JUST A BUNCH OF WHITE STOOGES MADE MOCK OF BY A BUNCH OF BLACK BASKETBALL PLAYERS.



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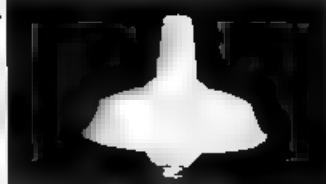


FIG. #1. SUPER DELUXE



FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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Fig. #1. SUPER DELUXE FIXTURE- Includes: Spun reflector, completely wired ballast kit mounted inside weather-proof enclosure, 3 wire cord, and your choice of lamp- M1000/BU or MS1000/BU *. This fixture is precision-made and heavy-duty throughout.
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Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE- Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.
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Hare Krishna

continued from page 60
estate near London, and Alfred Ford, a great-grandson of Henry who is financing a Krishna museum in Detroit that is billed as nothing less than a "spiritual Disneyland." But most of the Krishna empire has been built from the nickels, dimes and dollars collected through street sales and begging, at which the Krishnas are unsurpassed.

They peddle buttons at ball games, flags at rallies, magazines on street corners and sometimes even dress up as Santa Claus to collect donations at Christmastime. "It's a sad sight," lamented a column in the *Valley Advertiser* of Valley Station, Kentucky, "...Santa standing in the middle of Dixie Highway begging for money. How do you explain to your children that the candy-cane waving fellow in the red suit with a white beard is not a Santa Claus but rather a member of a cult?"

At times Krishna solicitations have been known to get a bit heavy-handed. Dozens of suits have been filed across the country charging Krishna members with using deception, intimidation and shortchanging in their efforts to make money. Currently there is a suit awaiting trial in Los Angeles in which an airport mechanic claims a devotee kicked out three of his teeth and then beat him with brass knuckles because he told a contributor that the solicitor was a member of the Hare Krishna movement.

No one seems to know just how vast the Krishna empire is—at least no one who's talking. When national press spokesman Bharata Das was asked about the extent of ISKCON holdings, he responded: "I don't have the faintest idea. I won't make any comment on that. But I'll tell you one thing, we're primarily not into property holdings. We're a preaching movement."

For not being into property, the Krishna movement has acquired a substantial amount of it. Because ISKCON is registered as a religion, which protects it from most financial scrutiny, and because it functions through dozens of corporate entities, its financial dealings flow through a nearly impenetrable maze. But the *Sacramento Bee*, which conducted a three-month investigation of ISKCON, reported that in California alone the organization owns a large publishing company (which publishes religious tracts in 26 languages), the nation's largest incense and essential-oils manufacturing company, a separate incense and oils distributing

company, a 24-track recording studio, a warehouse equipped to supply 45 artists, a catering service, a travel agency and a bullet-manufacturing operation.

The bullet factory, Sgt. Pepper's Guns (named in appreciation of George Harrison?), has apparently closed down since its licensee, Krishna member Ronald Roy Walters, was arrested for passport falsification. Those who question the relationship between military hardware and spiritual enlightenment will also find curious the fact that among the reading materials police found when they raided Walter's apartment were Adolf Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, the virulently anti-Semitic "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and a manual on the use of burglary, wiretapping and surveillance. Walters, like neo-Nazi Panasenko, appears to prefer his Eastern spiritualism with a pinch of Western fascism.

In addition to the businesses, the *Bee* found that ISKCON and its followers in California own "at least 1,100 acres on three farm-ranches and millions of dollars in developed urban property, including almost all of four square blocks in Culver City and most of two adjoining blocks in Berkeley." Other known ISKCON properties in the United States include large farms in Florida, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and West Virginia, as well as a newly acquired 100-room oceanfront luxury hotel in Miami Beach.

The West Virginia farm-commune has also been a center of controversy. Founded in 1968 near Moundsville, the complex is the home of about 300 devotees and features a "Prabhupada Palace" that has a 22 karat gold leaf dome. Though named New Vrindavan after the town in which Krishna first appeared, it seems unlikely the deity would recognize the place if he were to again take human form. Patrolled by guards armed with riot shotguns and AR 15s, the commune has more the look of an armed compound than an idyllic ancient Indian village.

The resident devotees say they have armed themselves only because of harassment by local rednecks. While it's certainly true they've been harassed—there was even one incident in which four members were shot by two men trying to return one of the men's daughters, who had presumably joined the group—the commune appears to have armed itself far beyond what is necessary for simple self-defense. When a local sheriff went to a local sporting goods store to buy ammo, he was told the entire stock had been bought out by

continued on page 98

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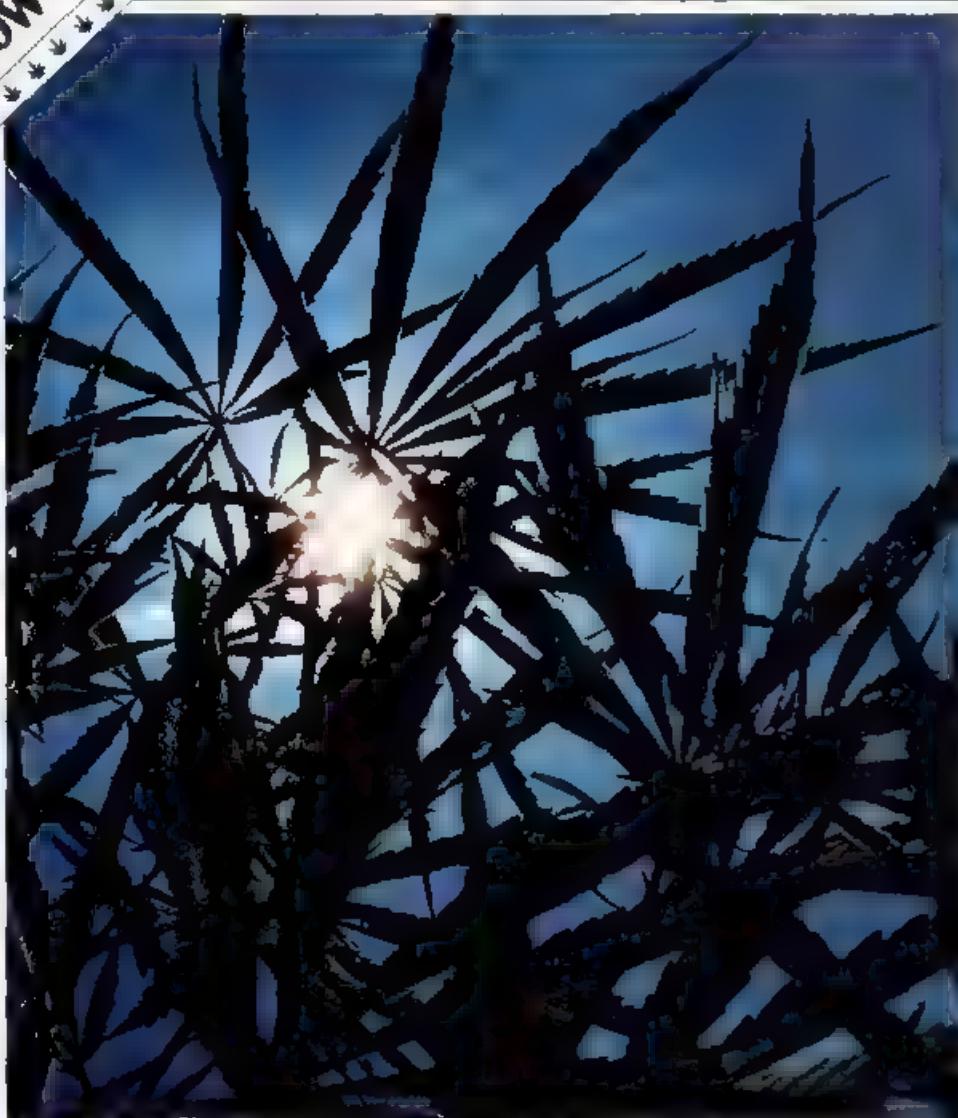
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Better Smoking through Cloning



Photos by Robert Clarke

by Robert Clarke

If there's a special lady in your garden, you don't have to bid her a tearful farewell at the end of the growing season. Instead, make like a certain ill-famed mogul and immortalize your most precious accomplishment: CLONING will preserve her exact genetic characteristics for next year.

Cloning allows your favorite plant to keep its genotype, because every cell of the cannabis plant (with certain exceptions) shares the same chromosome characteristics with all the other cells. Therefore a cloned slip will develop, in theory at least, identically with the plant from which it was taken. This doesn't mean that all the cloned slips, when grown, will necessarily appear identical in all respects. Variations in environmental factors necessarily change the

development of individual clones; poorly lighted slips will grow taller, and be frailer and paler, than slips that get adequate light. Given identical environmental influences, though, all plants will mature into virtual replicas of the "mother" plant

—though successive cloning may gradually cause a decline in vigor. Gross variations among clones can only be accounted for by genetic mutations. (Mutations can be intentionally induced with X rays or COLCHICINE, but the mutations aren't very predictable.)

A population of clones is uniquely susceptible to sudden environmental calamities like fungus, pests or disease, if the "mother" plant had no defense against these factors, neither will any of the clones, and they'll all die at the same time.

In creating clones from stem tips, it's only necessary to get a new root system started. This is none too difficult, since every vegetative cell in the plant contains the genetic information needed to form an entire plant, and the stem cells are particularly prone to do so. In humid conditions, new ADVENTITIOUS ROOTS occur naturally along the main stalk near the ground and along bottom limbs where they droop and touch the ground. Thus it's best to select shoots from the bottom branches, preferably fresh, newly REJUVENATING branches at least eight inches long.

Having selected a promising, high-resin-producing plant for cloning, you should of course harvest the largest top buds. Dry them and taste them to make sure the plant's worth the effort. If it proves good, then the bottom branches, newly denuded of their first buds and just rejuvenating, should be ideal for cloning. Immediately after the harvesting, if you've got control of the lighting, you should give the plant a good long 14-hour per day or longer rejuvenation period so the plant will grow new vegetative shoots. It will also help to lower the plant's nitrogen content by sluicing water through the growing soil and withholding nitrogenous fertilizer to promote rooting. These conditions should be maintained for

Huh?

ADVENTITIOUS ROOTS roots that appear spontaneously from stems

AUXINS a class of plant hormone associated with root initiation and many other growth responses

CLONING asexual propagation used to preserve genetic characteristics of the parent

COLCHICINE dangerous mutagenic agent used to promote polyploidy (an increase in chromosome number resulting in abnormally vigorous growth and higher THC production) in cannabis plants

ETIOLATION growth of a stem in total darkness to increase the chances of root initiation

HORMONE substance produced in minute amounts by an organism that controls growth and development of that organism

pH the acidity or alkalinity of a soil on a scale of 1 to 14 respectively (7 is neutral)

PHOTOPERIOD lighted portion of the daylight cycle

REJUVENATING regrowth of mature flowered plant under long days causing new growth of juvenile prefloral limbs

about two to four weeks before the slip is removed.

After promoting rejuvenation for the first two to four weeks after the bud harvest, the selected shoots can be wrapped for a week in opaque paper for several inches just above the area where the cutting will be snipped. This causes ETIOLATION: the starch levels drop, the fibers soften, the cell walls become permeable, HORMONE levels rise, and incipient roots form.

When the cutting is taken, by slicing the slip with a razor, it's important to immediately place the severed tip in clean, pure water; if the slip can then be recut under water, that's preferable; otherwise a bubble of air—an embolism—may enter the cut end and block the slip's transpiration, causing it to wilt.

The new adventitious roots will begin forming within two weeks, and develop to optimum growth by four weeks. An irregular mass of white tissue developing around the root area, called callus tissue, indicates that conditions are proceeding favorably. The process can be enhanced by applying AUXINS, special root-growth hormones, to the rootlets during this time. Rootone and Hormex are very serviceable commercial auxins, available in any plant-supply store, and perfectly safe to use when directions are followed. They are supplied in the form of powders, and should be applied to the rootlets as quickly as possible, in order to prevent embolisms.

After the rootlets are fully formed, they can be transplanted to a variety of growing media—soil, vermiculite, or nutrient-enriched circulating water. Preparation should be taken beforehand to ensure that the shoot gets the proper sort of PHOTOPERIOD. Since cannabis grows during periods of extended daylight, it may be necessary to supplement its photoperiod, from late autumn to early spring, with artificial lights, making sure the shoots receive at least 14 hours of light a day. The plant will develop normally under 14-hour days, eventually becoming a virtual replica of the "mother"; when you want it to bloom, the "sun" period can be cut back drastically to 10 to 12 hours.

Transplant the shoots into soil, making sure to leave at least four inches between each shoot. Just before the cutting is inserted into the hole, it may be treated with fungicides and growth hormones. The slips should have at least four inches of soil below them, to develop a proper root bed, and it will help to spray them once a week with a very mild nutrient solution recommended for foliar feeding. The soil itself, all around the rooting site, may be sterilized beforehand by digging it up, spreading it out on a cookie sheet, and heating it in an oven for half an hour at around 180° F/82° C. This will kill most harmful bacteria, fungi, larvae, insects and



Identical cloned *Alphas* (above) from such tender shoots as the one pictured here (right) perpetuate the *Mary Jane* master race.

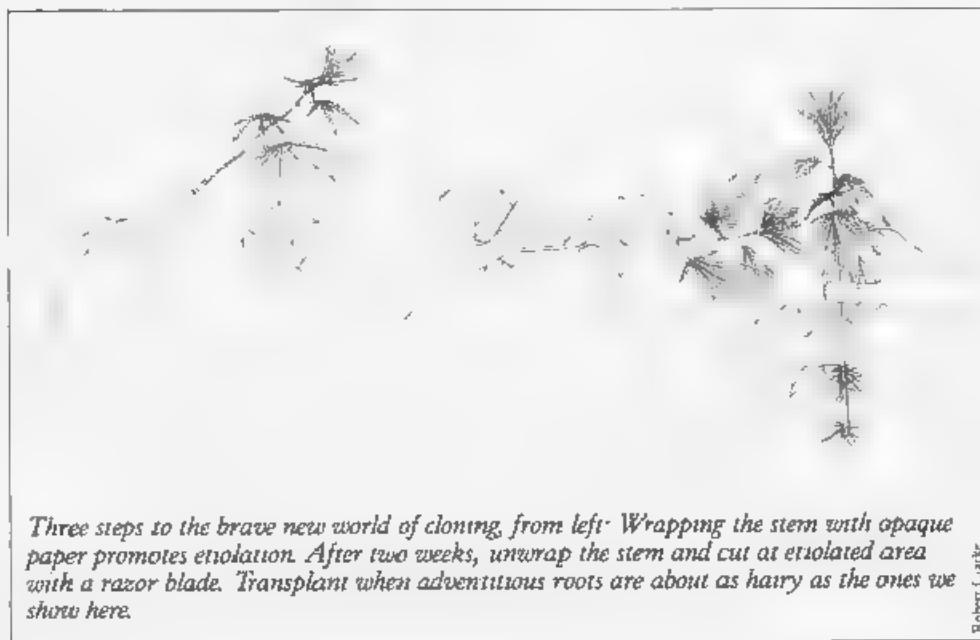
weed seeds that could injure the highly vulnerable rootlets. Large tracts of soil can be treated with commercial agricultural fumigants.

Sterile rootlet media like vermiculite are superb for starting slip rootlets; equal parts of medium-grade to high-grade vermiculite and perlite are recommended, since the increased air circulation appears to promote root growth. This medium should, however, be wetted beforehand with a weak nutrient solution including micronutrients, because little or no nutrients are supplied by these artificial media. Their pH content should be tested,

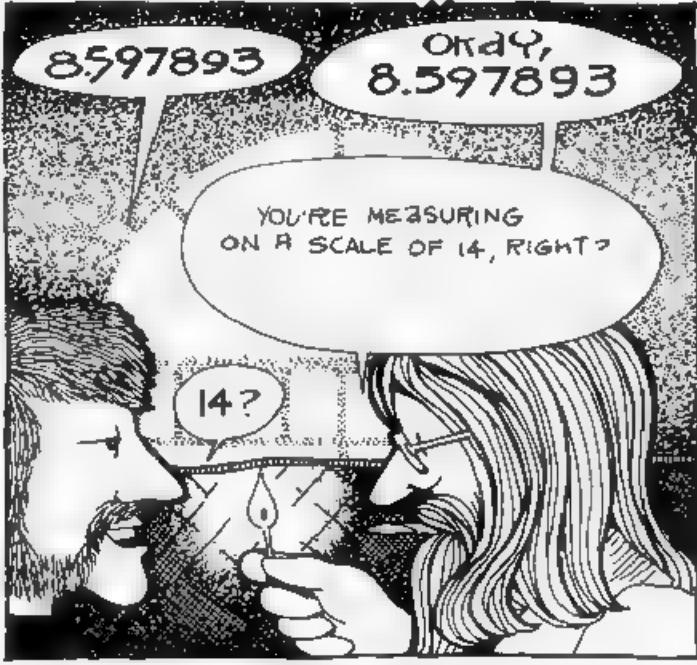
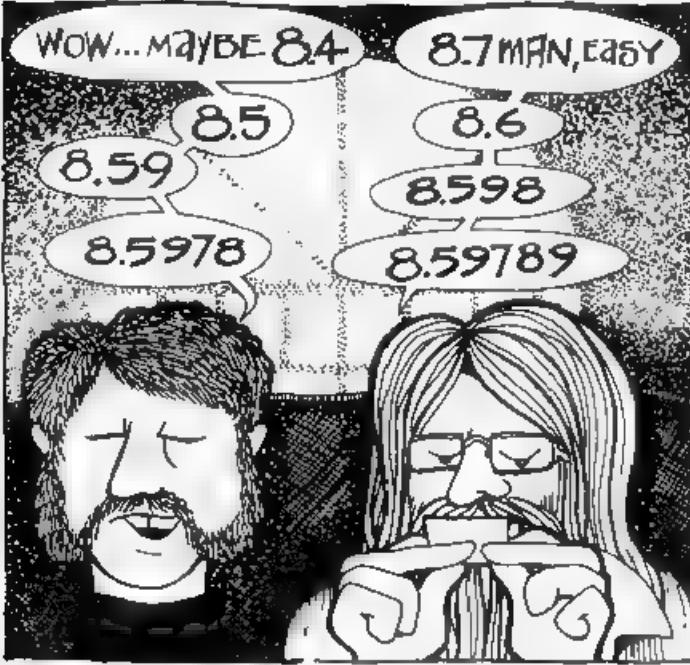
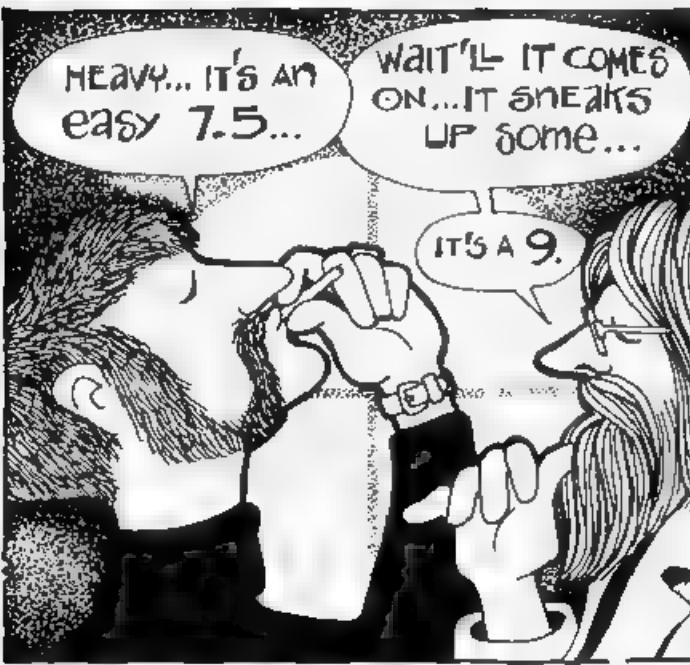


and changed to neutral (7), if necessary, with lime.

Water media are in many ways superior for rooting slips. Water disperses nutrients evenly, and allows you to check on how the roots are developing. However, water also exposes the rootlets to sunlight, which slows root growth; it promotes molds and other fungi, provides poor support for the cutting, and restricts air circulation. A shallow tub filled with porous lava will help. The water should be changed regularly to promote oxygen content; an aquarium circulator will take care of this. □



Three steps to the brave new world of cloning, from left: Wrapping the stem with opaque paper promotes etiolation. After two weeks, unwrap the stem and cut at etiolated area with a razor blade. Transplant when adventitious roots are about as hairy as the ones we show here.



The Hash Monster of Afghanistan

continued from page 50

The sun woke me before any of the others had stirred. I walked out behind the house and urinated. The door to the shed hung ajar on its leather hinges. I stepped inside for a last look.

In the corner lay a heap of burlap, all that remained of Hakum's 12 sacks. On the table sat the last two cases of "disinfectant," 20 cans of what would soon be money in my pocket. At nearly \$3,000 a can, even considering the split with Mike and the payoff to Calvin in Montreal, the profit margin pleased me. The day began to look like a good one.

The Monster joined me and we loaded the two cases into his car. I woke Mike, and after he had dressed, we had a quick breakfast and prepared to leave.

Outside in the still-cool Pakistani morning, we shook hands with Hakim, and I thanked Farah with a quick, chaste peck on the forehead. She responded with a blush and a very delighted giggle.

Piling into the car, we were off. Reversing his track from six days previous, the Monster steered and bumped back to Rawalpindi, to the Intercontinental Hotel. As he pulled up in front of the lobby, he turned around in his seat to face me and Mike.

"After you have made preparations for your departure," he singsonged in his textbook English, "I will return and we will discuss the final steps necessary to insure safe transport of the cargo to Amsterdam."

We both nodded. Stepping out onto the pavement with our suitcases, Monsieur was gone with a low-throated rumble from his little car. As we turned to go into the hotel, I said to Mike, "You know we're fucked if that guy takes a powder on us now, don't you?"

"Awww, don't worry about Monsieur," he replied. "Kevin told me he did a bunch o' deals with him, and the guy's honest."

"It ain't Kevin's money we're talkin' about here, it's mine," I growled. I added, "And yours, asshole."

Seeing that I was only half-serious made Mike all the way serious.

"If he fucks us around, I'll make it right with you," he said.

With that we pushed through the double glass doors and into the lobby.

As good as his word, the Monster returned almost as soon as Mike and I had sat down in the lounge after showering and changing. He joined us, politely refusing my offer of a drink. It dawned on me that he was a Moslem and I began to apologize, but he dismissed it with a wave and immediately launched into the business at hand.

"I have just finished talking with Hassad at my warehouse here and he tells

me that our cargo is even now being processed for shipment through Karachi to the Netherlands." His now-familiar grin flashed as he continued. "I will receive it in Amsterdam and see it safely into the hands of your contact there. Do you have the photograph?"

I handed him a picture of Calvin, one of those quarter-picture-booth kind. He studied it intently for a few seconds before pocketing it, then finished his thought.

"This is a copy of the bill of lading." He thrust a yellow flimsy in front of Mike. "Please see that my operations manager in Karachi receives it so that he

*"You know we're
fucked if that
guy takes a
powder on us now,
don't you?"*

will be expecting the shipment and can see that it stays in the Karachi customs warehouse no longer than necessary. I am unable to accompany that plane, but I will be flying to Amsterdam prior to the shipment's arrival there and will oversee its transfer to your Canadian friend."

As agreed, I handed him an envelope containing half of his \$3,000 fee. It quickly disappeared into his inside jacket pocket. He would receive an identical envelope from Calvin in Amsterdam as soon as the shipment cleared customs and was in Calvin's hands.

"Have a most pleasant return trip," he said, as we rose and shook hands. "I will await word from you," he turned to Mike, "as to the safe reception of the load in America and the soonest date we may again do business." He pumped Mike's hand vigorously, then pivoted and shook mine. The meeting concluded, he stepped briskly away from the table and out of the lounge.

Mike waved the yellow onionskin paper in his hand.

"We oughta just have time in the layover at Karachi to get this to Monsieur's warehouse." He was suddenly pensive. "I hope the fuck there's no trouble between there and Amsterdam. I'll feel more at ease when I know that Calvin's got the load in hand."

"Whassamatter," I asked, "don't you trust your little friend?"

"Yeah, sure, but let's just say that I trust Calvin more. Worked with him longer, ya know?"

"Fuck it," I opined. "What's done is done. If the greasy little bastard rips us off, we're beat. That's all." But I knew it wouldn't be. I knew too much by now about the Monster's schedules and routines to allow him to hide from me forever.

We finished our drinks and left.

The trip from Rawalpindi to Lahore and eventually on to Karachi was as uneventful as the week before, and just as hot and smelly. Karachi was worse, the moist sea air making it a clammy, muggy furnace.

We took a taxi to the Monster's warehouse and delivered the bill of lading. His ops manager met us and assured us the shipment of "disinfectant" would barely touch down in Karachi before being routed on to Amsterdam. His grin was so extreme it was almost a leer. It was nice to see so many people so goddamned sure of themselves.

* * *
At Karachi International, we made arrangements to fly to Montreal. I knew the cargo jet would be making several stopovers en route to the Netherlands, so we set our first destination as Cairo. The taste of Egypt I'd had ten days previous had whetted my appetite for more. Mike was indifferent, but acceded to my request. He looked a little pale still and remarked that a few days in the Egyptian sun would be good for him. I agreed.

We arrived in Cairo early the next morning and checked in at the Hilton. Egypt is a fucking toilet, really; hot and smelly like Pakistan, and the people are noisy and aggressive. But the land, ah, there's the rub: From the lush valleys of the Nile to the burning, white deserts, Egypt is a land of contrasts.

From the Hilton, Mike and I took a taxi to Giza, where the pyramids are. As soon as we got out of the taxi we were besieged by a group of 18 to 20 "tour guides," who immediately began, each after their own fashion, to try and attract our business. Mike shooed away all but one, a small, scruffy individual. I noticed as he came forward that he had a slight limp. I dubbed him "Step-and-a-half."

We told Step-and-a-half that we'd already seen the pyramids and wanted instead to take a camel ride.

"Sure, boss. Twenty-five dollars," he grinned.

"Twenty-five dollars my ass!" I shouted. "I'll give you five." I held my fingers outstretched in front of his face so he couldn't mistake my meaning.

"No, boss. Not enough. Fifteen dollars." He continued with the idiot grin.

"Fuck you, you little bastard," I reached into my wallet and extracted a ten. Grasping it by both ends, I snapped it in front of his nose like a shoeshine boy pops his rag.

"Ten dollars!" I barked. "That's my final fuckin' offer." *continued*

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With amazing swiftness, he grabbed the bill and pocketed it.

"Sure boss," he laughed. "Ten dollars."

My camel's name was Zu-Zu. She was a one-humper, the saddle resting behind her hump. As I climbed on, Step-and-a-half jumped up and placed a wide square of cloth over my head. Removing a large, wide elastic band, he rolled it over the top of the cloth down to my ears.

He explained that it was to protect me against the fierce sun. Without it, I could fall over from sunstroke.

Mike received a similar treatment, shouting to me, "Look at us, Kenny, we're fucking sheiks!"

Standing back, Step-and-a-half snickered loudly. Zu-Zu and Mike's camel rose in unison, and, with a slap of the reins on their flanks, we were off toward the open desert.

Step-and-a-half was walking in front of his horse, shouting at us not to get too far ahead of him. Fuck that, I thought, and kicked Zu-Zu in the flanks. Behind me I heard a gaseous eruption and looked down to see Zu-Zu taking a shit even as she ran. Another two steps, another gout of viscous, steaming crap would roll down her hind legs. In fact, all that afternoon, every other step Zu-Zu took, she shit.

"I really got a good one here!" I shouted to Mike, pointing below me. He was too busy trying to remain in the saddle of his camel to answer me.

With a wild Indian yell, I dug my heels deep into Zu-Zu's flanks again. I heard another "phhhllzzzz," and looked down to see another river of shit cascading down her legs. Then she was off like a shot from a cannon. I barely managed to hold on. Then Mike did the same with his camel and suddenly, in the middle of the fuckin' Sahara, we were off to the races.

A camel runs at a different pace than a horse or a cow. Instead of a gallop, a camel lopes. High on Zu-Zu's back, I felt like I was in an elevator that was moving up and down and sideways, all at the same time. Together with her constant defecation, it was quite a ride.

I left Mike far behind.

Stopping after about a mile—but who could tell, I mean, it was the middle of the

*"There can't be
a problem with
the load!
We just left it
yesterday."*

Sahara—I rested Zu-Zu and waited for Mike to catch up. Before he rejoined me, she shit three times.

After catching up to me, Mike and I headed east. Step-and-a-half had said there was a small café in that general direction where we might get a beer.

Sure enough, 15 more minutes of riding in the blazing sun brought us to a small oasis with one lone building rising from the sand. Dismounting and entering the café, we ordered two beers. My shirt was soaked, and I thought, as I cradled the beer glass in my palm, that I'd never be able to quench my thirst again. I was wrong. The beer was warm and bitter, and even in my parched condition, one was enough for me.

I finished mine quickly and nodded to Mike to go. We paid the proprietor and left.

Zu-Zu was standing outside next to a sizable pile of camel shit. She was easier to mount this time, and soon we were out in the featureless desert again.

"No more races!" Mike hollered.

I waved okay and eased up on the reins, letting Zu-Zu have her head. Feeling no restraint, she picked up speed to a gentle, ground-eating gait. Soon the pyramids were in view. Halfway there we met up with Step-and-a-half, still doggedly leading his horse by the reins. Spinning around, he mounted the horse and followed us until we were back in Giza. I gave him another fiver for his trouble and he cheerfully hailed one of the taxis waiting near the base of the pyramids.

Riding back into Cairo, I turned to Mike. "That was *some* shit, huh, that camel race?"

"Yeah," he grunted, but I could see that already the events of the day were forgotten and Montreal was weighing heavy on his mind.

After we returned to the Hilton and were ensconced in the bar slaking our thirst, Mike excused himself to make a call. In ten minutes he was back, a deepening scowl on his face. I felt a creeping disquiet begin to play Ping-Pong with my stomach.

"Christ, Mike, what the fuck's wrong?" I demanded. "There can't be a problem with the load. We just left it yesterday."

"No, no, our deal's fine, but listen, Ken, I won't be able to go on to Montreal with you."

"What's up?" I asked, relieved now to hear there was no hutch in my investment, but curious as to what could be important enough to pull him away in the muddle of a deal.

"I've got a problem back in Newport. They busted one of my runners coming back from Mexico and if I don't spring the guy soon, no tellin' what he'll spill. What say you go on to Montreal and pick up the load from Calvin? Then I'll meet you there in a few days and we can bring it in the way we planned." He looked at

*I could
feel the
shakedown
coming. "How
much, Cal?"*

me expectantly.

"Sounds okay by me," I said. "How long will it take you to spring your guy?"

"Two, three days at the most. I should be in Montreal by Sunday at the latest." It was Wednesday afternoon.

"Okay. I'll be at the Hilton there, too. Call me if you're gonna be delayed past Sunday."

"Sure." Then he was off to make reservations on the next L.A. flight.

I sat back and considered staying in Cairo until Friday or Saturday, but the prospect of kicking around by myself wasn't the choicest of options, so I got up and walked to the phone to make reservations, too. The operator at Pan Am told me that my flight would arrive in Montreal at 3:15 PM. the next day. I gave her my name and went up to the room for a nap.

* * *

The load didn't arrive on Thursday. Or the day after, or the day after that. On Sunday Mike called. He was still in L.A. There were a few more minor problems and he wouldn't be able to get away until Tuesday. Had the load arrived? When I told him that it hadn't, he asked me to call him in Newport when it did and he'd fly up immediately. I agreed and hung up. I was in a slight funk.

On Monday morning Calvin came by the hotel. He had some bad news, he said. The load had come in, but it had been directed to a different customs warehouse than where it was originally scheduled for.

"So? What's that mean?" I questioned him.

"Well, Kenny, what it means is that I've got to pay off more people. Almost as many as I already have."

I could feel the shakedown coming.

"How much, Cal?"

"Another \$40,000," he replied, and I'll give the bastard his due: He didn't bat a fuckin' eyelash when he told me.

"Good goddamn, Calvin, what the fuck's goin' on?!"

"What can I do?" He shrugged. "I'm over a bit of a barrel, you see."

I saw who was over the barrel, but said nothing.

continued on page 100



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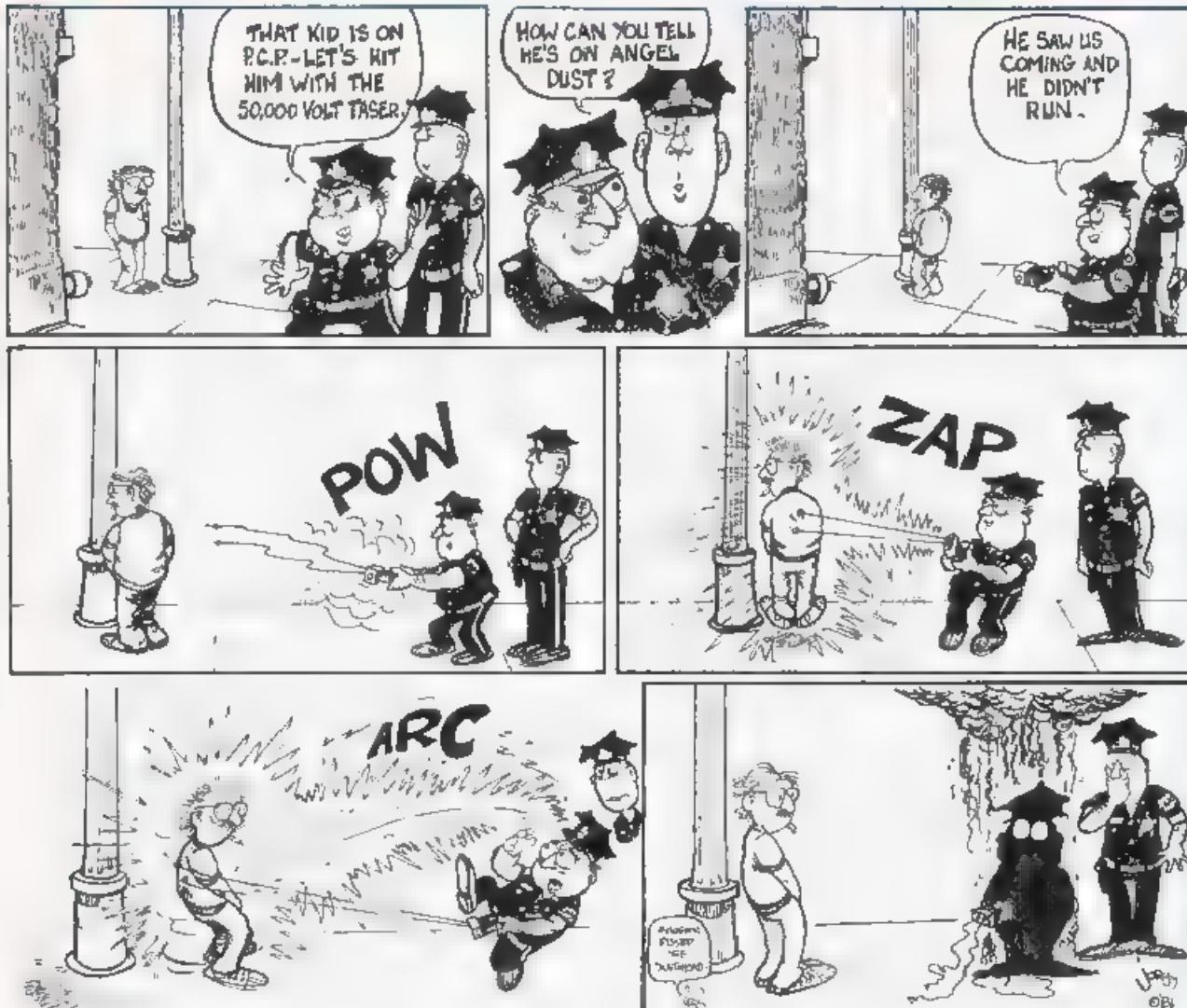
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THE PLANET



Dustheads Burned by LAPD A.C.

LOS ANGELES—Terrorized Los Angeles Police Department personnel have finally been given the green light to go after PCP abusers with new high tech ordnance that may put "angel dust" freaks among the angels for good and all! A gun called the Taser Fazer, which instead of a mere bullet delivers a 50,000-volt electrical charge at regular pulses for five minutes, is the prize gizmo in the new police-protection arsenal. Chemical Shield, a high-powered aerosol spray unit propelling a toxic mist of CS tear gas, is also being is-

sued to cops. "The old bang-bang-you're-dead game doesn't work with your flipped-out dusthead," a police source grimly told *High Times*. "If you want to put those psychotics down, you have to get weird yourself."

Other antidust ordnance will include a complicated device to "grab and hold the legs of recalcitrant subjects" to render them less hazardous to the apprehending officers. Another will cast a net around the deranged dusthead, to

continued on page 85



ASK DR. FUCK

Note: Dr. Fuck is a respected professional in his field. Due, however, to professional jealousy, he is forced to conceal his real identity (even from himself).

Dear Dr. Fuck:
My girl friend made me fuck her 68 times in one night. Is this normal? —D.F.

Dear D.F. 69 is normal

Dear Dr. Fuck:
My wife says her cunt tastes like bananas. I say pineapple. Who's right? —J.C.

Dear J.C. Send her around. "The test of the pudding is in the tasting."

Dear Dr. Fuck:
How big is Bob Dylan's prick? —D.B.

Dear D.B. Big enough to talk to God!

Dear Dr. Fuck:
I answered a sexy personal ad in the *New York Review of Books* and then found out it had been placed by my own wife. What should we do? —Perplexed

Dear Per Go fuck yourselves!

Dear DF:
Can I get crabs from sitting on a toilet seat? —Q-Tip

Dear Q.T. Yes—but it's more fun to get them fucking

Dear Doc:
My boyfriend and I were going at it fast and furious and then after a terrific orgasm he tried to withdraw and he couldn't. We tried water, olive oil, prayer and finally had to call emergency services that took us to the hospital. The ambulance attendants laughed

all the way. Is there anything we can do to avoid this embarrassment in the future?

M Barass

Dear M.B. Yes. Use the dog style position. Then you can walk to the hospital

Dearest Doctor

Although I am a practicing Catholic and my husband an Orthodox Hasid, we received special dispensation from H.H. the Pope and the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem to marry. Everything is going well and although married only ten years, we now have 16 children. (I take fertility pills.) My problem is: We still enjoy sex. What should we do?

—Mixed

Dear Mixedspocha: Try dipping your husband's prick in hot-as-he-can-stand chicken fat and at the same time pack your vagina with ice cubes. That should relieve the pleasure and at the same time minimize the tissue damage without making you less fruitful. Or you could try iced fruitcup and fried potato latkes. Let me know how many this serves.

Dear Dr. Fuck

Is it true that a Rev. David Davidsen in San Diego had his name legally changed to Rev. Clitlick Davidsen? —Queerous

Dear Queerous. Wrong. He had his name changed to Rev. Clitlick Davidson as he didn't want all that boring fuss made over a funny foreign spelling.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

I have heard that the Beatles song "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" was too obscene and that they were forced to rewrite it for release on the album? What's the scoop? —Beatmaniac

Dear Beatman Yes. And here below (for the

first time in America) we print the original (uncensored) version. Another Dr. Fuck first!

Why don't we do it in the bed?
Why don't we do it in the bed?
No one will be fucking there,
Why don't we do it in the bed?

Why don't we do it missionary style?
Why don't we do it missionary style?
No one does it that way anymore.
Why don't we do it missionary style?

Why don't we use a prophylactic?
Why don't we use a prophylactic?
No one will be watching us.
Why don't we use a prophylactic?

Why don't we do it in the bed?
Why don't we do it in the bed?
Why don't we do it in the bed?
So what if no one will be watching us.
Why don't we do it in the bed?

Dear Dr. Fuck:
What came first the cock or the cunt? —A. Pope

Dear Alex: Premature infatuation.

Dear Editor:
You claim your Doctor Fuck is "a recognized professional in his field" Bullshit! What fucking field is that?

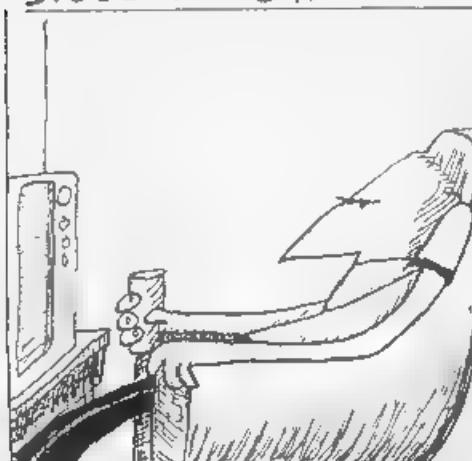
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But can they cook couscous? Sheik Abdul Mashugena, standing right, ponders his options at a homosexual flea market in downtown Abu Dhabi, the United Arab Emirates. The sheik, one of the richest men in the world, ultimately walked away with four men, two pairs of shoes, and the motorcycle, a present for his son.

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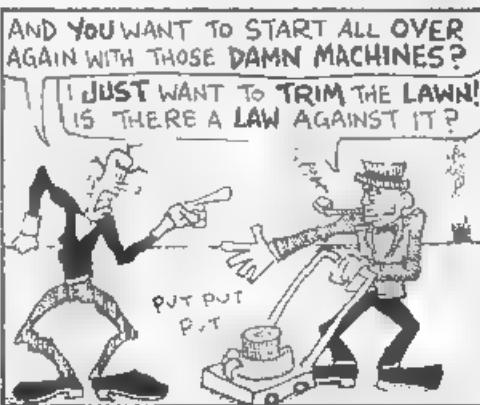
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Volume One

Running Sore

Number One



"Turn Up the Juice," PCP Users Plead

continued from page 79

inhibit him or her from fully exercising the superhuman strength and supernatural vitality with which LAPD cops credit PCP freaks. "They will not replace a firearm," warns Assistant Police Chief Robert Vernon "but in some situations they will provide an alternative."

An alternative is desperately needed to mere Smith & Wesson .38 revolvers, LAPD cops have anxiously claimed in recent years. Cops have told of encountering stark naked PCP freaks who have taken the entire magazine of an ordinary police pistol, and yet stayed alive and frightening. Many other dustheads have broken steel handcuffs, torn the doors off police vans, and made weird, loud, scary noises after being beaten to bloody pulps, the police have been known to report. "The stuff makes them like werewolves," officers charge. "Every time you shoot one, you take your life in your hands."

The use of "nonlethal ordnance" like the Taser Fazer and Chemical Shield is nevertheless resented by many veteran officers as a capitulation to lily-livered liberals. Last year, L.A.'s finest had modestly proposed using explosive dum-dum bullets, before the American Civil Liberties Union pointed out that such things have been banned under international treaty since World War I.

"I was real brought down to hear about that, man" a long-term North Beach dusthead told *High Times* when informed of the dum-dum prohibition. "You build up a tolerance mighty quick to them scrubby little .38 shells. Shit, I

had three patrolmen and a supersergeant shooting me up the last time I dusted out, and it hardly didn't even get me wired up. Now you take and feed me a couple or three of them dum-dum shells, I might start cookin'!"

"Speaking of cooking," his girl friend broke in, "that Taser Fazer is a straight *bum*! It may be 50,000 volts, okay, but I'm damned if they put any more than two lousy *amps* behind it. Who do they think they're kidding? You have to be barefoot in steel-wheel roller skates, standing in a puddle of water, to get off behind that thing, and how are you supposed to scare a cop when you look *that* ridiculous?"

"And they're just such all piss-poor marksmen," griped her old man. "One son of a bitch clean *missed* me the other night with his little six-inch shock stick, and it hit some old geezer with a pacemaker. My that big old blue spark just took and run right back up the wire, knocked that police officer clean on his *ass*!"

Dustheads reported that the cachet of Chemical Shield left much to be desired. "Frisky but diffident," one assessed it. "Lacks the robust vigor of good old Vietnam-era mace. Ah, '69, that was a good year for mace..."

Spring fashion among the PCP crowd in L.A. this year will most definitely feature heavy country-western togs, decked out with plenty of big brass buttons. "Smear a little superconductor oil on the buttons," one trendsetter suggests "and when you get a dose of juice you light right up like a pinball machine." Electric Navajo blankets are also much in vogue.

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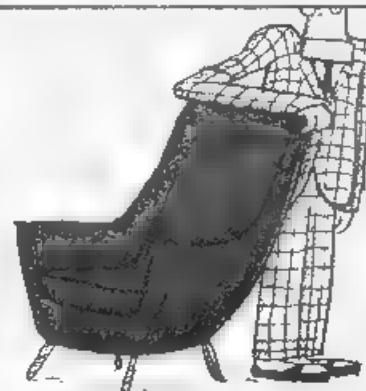
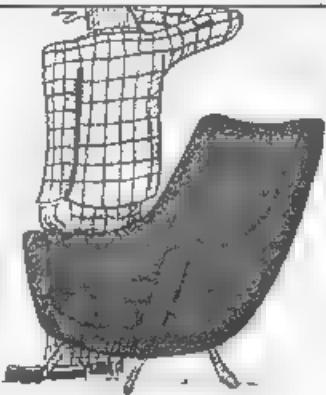
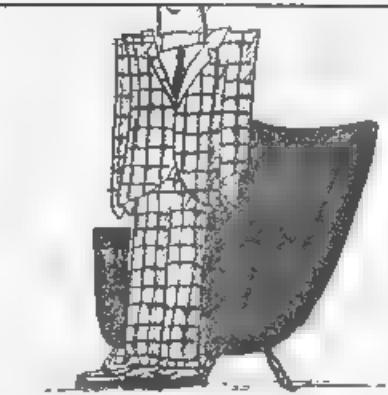
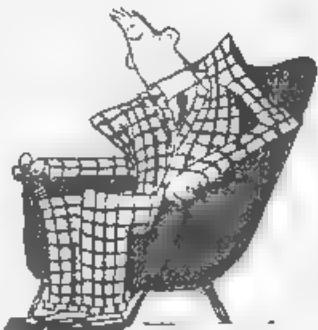
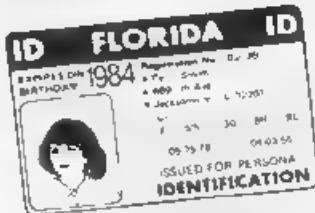


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PERSONALS

25-year-old male inmate without family wishes to correspond with other readers of HIGH TIMES. I will answer all letters. Thank you. JESSE BOND, JR 12327 P.O. Box 607-NSP Carson City, NV 89701

Prisoner seeks friendship. ROY PECHIN, Box C-01560, San Quentin, CA 94974.

Lonely 19 year old in prison would like to hear from and write to any sincere people. Please write RICHARD DEEDS, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

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To order, see page 18

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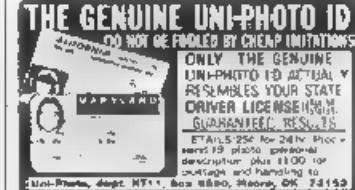
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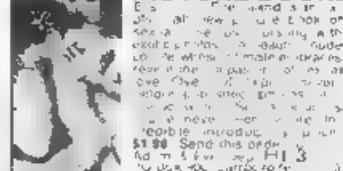
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DOPE LORE



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS THIRD OF A MONTHLY SERIES

44 "SPEED KILLS!"

Some speed users who inject almost suicidal doses of methamphetamine into their veins without any regard for their safety and health may actually be trying to test the truth of the youth slogan "Speed Kills." The role of the doomed person who is at once a martyr sacrificing himself, a hero braving the confrontation with certain destruction and a gambler playing dice with death, is a role which seems to have a strong seductive pull for some young people who are morbidly hungry for compassion, admiration and excitement. For these individuals the slogan "Speed Kills" may paradoxically carry more attractive than deterrent power and this may not serve the purpose for which it is being promoted.

*Interim Report,
Le Dain Commission,
Canada, 1970*

45 THE REASON ONE IS NOT ABLE TO draw easy conclusions from a study of "altered consciousness" is that "altered consciousness" is as broad a term (or area) as "normal consciousness." (If not broader!)

What general conclusions can one draw about the state called "normal consciousness" that would apply to everyone at all times?

Tuli Kupferberg, 1980

46 THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, LENNOX, is that when you're not drunk, you're sober.

*W.B. Yeats
to Lennox Robinson*



47 TO THE EDITOR

Graffiti seen on city bus.
"Santa Klass smoks pott."
Isn't it shocking that today's youngsters can't spell

*New York Times.
December 22, 1979*

48 WHOEVER SMOKES GANJA

His face grows pale
His wife will complain
He is impotent.
His brother will say
He is afflicted with pain
But the smoker will return
To his chillum again.

Punjabi

49 YOU MAY NOTICE SOME BIRDS FALLING off the trees... They're eating fermented blackberries and getting drunk.

*Gary Lincoff, New York
Botanical Garden guide,
New York Post, June 2, 1978*

50 MORE BULLSHIT HAS BEEN WRITTEN about dope than about any subject except God and sex.

Tuli Kupferberg, 1980



51 BRAINS MADE CLEAR

By the irresistible strength of beer.

Barry Cornwall

52 A DRUG AGAINST SORROW AND ANGER, a drug to suppress despair. Whoever drinks of this mixture will not shed a tear all day long not even if his mother and father lie there dead not even if his brother or beloved is slain before his own eyes while he looks on...

Homer: Odyssey, Book 4

53 A SCIENTIFIC PANEL DELIVERED A REPORT to the Environmental Protection Agency yesterday that disputed the conclusion of an earlier study that some residents of Love Canal in Niagara Falls, N.Y., exhibited abnormal levels of chromosome damage.

Neither Dr. Albert nor Dr. Picciano would speculate why the two studies came

up with such different results. But people in the field of genetics pointed out that everyone has some chromosome damage—possibly from viral infections, medical X-rays or exposure to chemicals and medication—and that the examination of cells for such damage was extremely subjective

New York Times, June 14, 1980



54 A TAVERN CAN'T CORRUPT A GOOD man, and a synagogue can't reform a bad one.

Yiddish proverb

55 ALCOHOL, HASHISH, PRUSSIC ACID, Strychnine are weak dilutions. The surest poison is time.

*R.W. Emerson,
Society and Solitude*

56 AND MALT DOES MORE THAN MILTON

To justify God's ways to man.

A.E. Houseman

57 ANNE BEVERLY, 48, St. VICTOUS' mother, had said after her son's death. "Someone gave him enough heroin to kill himself. That's as bad as murder."

But now she admits, "I brought him the drugs that killed him."

"I realized that the first thing he'd do [after being freed on bail] would be to go down to 32nd Street or wherever it was he got the drugs."

"It would have been stupid because he'd have been recognized and there would have been trouble."

"So I bought them myself."

"What I didn't realize was that I'd bought heroin that was 90 percent pure."

New York Post, June 17, 1980

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by John Swenson

The Blues Band EP
Arista BOOT 002 (English import)

Nine Below Zero
Live at the Marquee
A&M AMLE 68515 (English import)

Dexys Midnight Runners
Searching for the Young
Soul Rebels

EMI PCS 7213 (English import)

Amazing things are happening these days in England. The profit taking and escalating recession brought about by the Tory government that was voted in last year has turned the screws of discontent and powerlessness among the country's young people another excruciating twist. The feeling of restlessness and anger has been building up in British youth for several years now and has hit a virtual saturation point. There are no jobs, no prospects for jobs, and the kids are pretty mad about it.

A few years ago punk rock was a direct expression of this incipient rage, but as it has taken hold of the entire young population, punk no longer holds its appeal. In fact fewer and fewer records are being bought at all in England, thus crippling what has been one of the country's most powerful assets since the recent economic boom of the '60s. The situation has become so desperate that it is no longer considered economically feasible to maintain sales charts for albums and singles in the U.K., where the overall sales have declined so sharply that the accuracy of these charts is now severely questioned.

Recently a controversy has cropped up surrounding allegations that record companies have been manipulating the sales charts in England. At the same time the industry, in a pathetic attempt to find a scapegoat for sagging sales, has taken to blaming home taping for the decline. Sex Pistols' ex-manager Malcolm McLaren responded to this climate by forming a group called Bow Wow Wow and having them record a song likening home taping to a revolutionary activity: "C-30 C-60 C-90." When the fairly forgettable single fell from the charts, McLaren reversed the controversy and declared that the record company had hyped his single down the charts!

While this bizarre Evelyn Waugh scenario is turning the British record industry topey turvy and costing a lot of vice-presidents their jobs, the climate for experimentation and creativity has enlarged to the point where British popular music is

Sounds.

enjoying a kind of renaissance that rivals the heady days of the mid to late '60s, when new groups were surfacing weekly. It almost seems like British groups are currently reproducing the entire range of rock history simultaneously.

One of the most vital aspects of this renaissance is the resurgence of blues and R&B, the very style that provided the foundation for most of

blends magnificently with the Cajun accordion and high harp melodic fills used to sweeten the tune. Few British blues singers are as technically capable and expressive as Paul Jones, who was the singer in Manfred Mann's excellent '60s band, and Jones adds a welcome touch of class to this seasoned outfit of veterans which also included guitarist Tom McGuinness, drummer Hughie Flint and bassist



Dexys search for a soul survival

the creative bands that emerged out of England in the '60s. British blues is especially interesting because it is not an indigenous form to the U.K. and is thus interpreted in very literal ways while emphasizing and expanding certain details with an academic's meticulousness.

A good example of this approach is provided by the highly touted Blues Band on their four-song EP. The performance here is razor sharp and precise, almost as if it had been arranged piece by piece, right down to each harp note and slide-guitar fill. The version of Bob Dylan's "Maggie's Farm" is spectacular in its precision, with Dave Kelly's slide guitar parts searing a beautiful takeoff on Bloomfield's original line. Kelly's more understated delta blues playing on the easy swinging "Ain't It Tuff"

Gary Fletcher. Jones sings Blind Blake's "Diddy Wah Diddy" with chilling venom, resisting the temptation to corn it up that the absurdist title has wrenched even such a wit as Captain Beefheart into succumbing to. The set ends with a letter-perfect version of Willy Dixon's "Back Door Man," a song which has been covered so often and so well that it's amazing to hear done perfectly straight without resorting to cliché.

Where the Blues Band uses its experience to cut formal masterpieces, the young and enthusiastic Nine Below Zero takes the postwar Chicago blues style and uses it as a hard-rock launching pad to careen through powerful, breathless sets. Their astonishing energy completely overwhelms



Jones gives the Blues Band a touch of class

technique, making it a very sensible decision to release a live album as their first record. The band's "naïve" approach to the blues enables them to work as if Muddy Waters, Little Walter, the Four Tops and Sam the Sham are all the same. What's even better is that they *pull it off*—versions of "Wooly Bully" and "Can't Help Myself" become hard-driving blues and boogie vamps, while their rendition of "Got My Mojo Working" is frighteningly daring and original.

Nine Below Zero pulls off this sleight of hand with a minimum of musical virtuosity and maximum sweat, bravado and intensity. Drummer Stix Burkey can be heard dropping the beat occasionally but plays with such relentless drive and fire that it seems to make no difference. Bassist Peter Clark never falters as he thumps out the

foundation for vocalist/guitarist Dennis Greaves's frenetic strumming. Greaves is strongly influenced by Howling Wolf in his vocal style and plays a raving, nonstop rhythm/lead guitar much closer to Eric Clapton/Peter Green technique than anything to come out of Chicago blues. On "Got My Mojo Working" he sounds like jazz guitarists Sonny Sharrock on the rhythm parts and Grant Green on a medium-length solo that elicits a startling crowd reaction as the audience sings an unsolicited response chorus to Greaves's guitar.

This band's ability to channel its audience's energy back into the music itself is the secret to their sound. This is the crucial element that makes the listener think automatically of the J. Geils Band when it first started. The fact that the band isn't afraid of this reference—the album contains two



Rowland's singing combines Billy Stewart and Brian Ferry

songs that Geils covered on their first album, "Homework" and "Pack Fair and Square," with harpist Mark Feltham challenging Magic Dick for the Little Walter soundalike crown—proves that Nine Below Zero may well be a force to be reckoned with.

Right now the band providing the most interest to British blues observers is an eccentric big band from the Midlands called Dexys Midnight Runners. The most directly political of all these bands, they are also the most experimental and consequently the most disappointing. On their debut record, *Searching for the Young Soul Rebels*, Dexys' brilliant musical conception and arrangement strategy is often unbalanced by the self-consciously arty singing of Kevin Rowland. You get the feeling that Rowland, with his deliberate flatness punctuated by occasional off time semi-yodels, is trying to hammer out a vocal style balanced between Billy Stewart and Brian Ferry.

Unsettling as it is, when Rowland pulls it off the result is weirdly powerful. On the desperation hymn "Tell Me When My Light Turns Green," Rowland's sobbing vocal delivery suits the chillingly depressive, almost Hebraic lamenting melody perfectly. And on the excellent British hit single "Geno," a tribute to the now legendary "Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band," Rowland's yodels find the Billy Stewart effect, ripping through the rhythm in dramatic punctuation of the band's tremendously disciplined arrangements.

An eight-piece group, Dexys walks the line between Stax/Volt and reggae horn arrangements, with a front line of tenor saxman JB, alto specialist Steve "Babyface" Spooner and trombonist Big Jimmy Paterson blowing their brains out. Certain arrangement flourishes recall Zappa or Chicago at their early and experimental best. Like all great soul bands, the icing on Dexys' arrangements is a brilliant organist, Pete Saunders, who uses his Hammond's warm, throaty sound as an important part of the melodic foundation. Seldom heard on its own, the organ is nevertheless the key to the band's rich sound. The instrumental "The Teams That Meet in Caffs" provides all the evidence of this band's conceptual genius you'll ever need. A spotty but powerful initial outing, *Searching for the Young Soul Rebels* suggests that when Rowland finally coins the style he's searching for here, Dexys Midnight Runners may be able to start a new chapter in blues history. □









E PLURIBUS PINHEAD

THE ZIPPY CAMPAIGN/PART 10. THE PINAUGURATION



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NOW DECLARE YOU, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE UNITED STATES.. CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRESIDENT!

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LATER, AT THE WHITE HOUSE

INTERESTING MUSICAL SELECTIONS FOR THIS EVENING
VOW!
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I APPOINT YOU AMBASSADOR TO FANTASY ISLAND!

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I'M INVIADING YOUR PERSONAL SPACE!!

WHIPPED BEETS 'N BOSCO

EVENTUALLY...

.. HE FINALLY FELL ASLEEP IN TH' MIDDLE OF ORDERING TH' POLISH GOV'T. TO INSTALL WAYNE NEWTON AS PRESIDENT! THE WORLD CAN REST EASY FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT LEAST!!

WHEW!!

WASHINGTON? WE'VE GOT A RUBBER SPIDER SHORTAGE!! AND WE DEMAND 4 1/2 HOURS!

WHITE HOUSE? THOSE '51 FORDS ARE READY, BUT A WAVE OF COOL WHIP IS HEAD-ED FOR INDIANA!

PRESIDENT ZIPPY? I'D REALLY RATHER MARRY JERRY LEWIS IF IT'S OK WITH YOU!

HELLO? THE RUSSIANS WON'T LEAVE MIAMI UNTIL THEY GET 50 THOUSAND ALLIGATOR ASH TRAYS!!

WASHINGTON? IT'S RAINING WHITE PLASTIC GO-GO BOOTS IN RIO DE JANEIRO!!

DEFENSE DEPT.? WHY ARE ALL OUR NEUTRON BOMBS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH PINK PAISLEY CONTACT PAPER?

YOW! I AM HAVING FUN!!

EMD

The Hash Monster of Afghanistan

continued from page 77

You rotten fuckhead shakedown-artist motherfucker, I wanted to say. Instead, in a controlled voice, I asked, "So when can we pick it up?"

"This afternoon probably. I'll call you." He left.

I called Mike in Newport Beach and told him of this latest twist.

"That cocksucker!!" he screamed. "He can't do this to us!"

"Correction," I told him. "He already has done it. So that means we owe him nearly twenty k's more now; ten apiece."

"Yeah, okay, if that's the way he wants it, okay. The fucking bastard! The shoe'll be on the other foot someday." I could tell by his tone, though, that he had already resigned himself to the situation.

"Beat your ass out to LAX and get up here," I told him.

"See you tonight." The phone went dead in my hand.

Mike arrived at 8:30 that night. Calvin and I picked him up. He threw his bag into the van and climbed in after it. To Calvin he said, "You know this is a fucked way of doing things, don't you?"

Calvin shrugged and weakly attempted to explain again that it wasn't his fault. Finally he lapsed into a silence that lasted until we reached his apartment.

That afternoon Calvin had returned telling me that he had sprung the load and it was safe in a pocket warehouse nearby. We agreed to wait for Mike before making the split.

At his apartment Calvin retrieved the key, which he had hidden earlier to prevent "any further problems," he said. We drove several blocks to a small warehouse.

Hopping out, Calvin unlocked the overhead door and backed his van into the narrow space. He got out and shut the door.

Flicking on the light, I saw the cases, stacked up in neat rows against the wall. Despite the strained relations between Calvin and us, I had to admire the beauty of his system. And anyway, I mused, half a loaf is better than none at all.

Occupational hazard:

Mike was in front of the stacked-up cases. He hopped down four into a separate pile. Forty cans. Forty kilos. Eighty-eight pounds.

"That's more than we owe you, bloodsucker," he choked out. "Now get out o' here before I regret letting you fuck us over enough to do something we'll all be sorry for."

"No need to be angry," Calvin apologized. "I can't help that it worked out this way." He picked up the cases, one at a time, and loaded them into his van. I doused the light, pulled up the door and let him out. With a clickety sound, his van trundled off into the night.

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Minneapolis, MN. 55416

Johnny Bob

continued from page 45

Gale: Why not get the other one to read the lines? He's not black. But he isn't white. That would make him better, wouldn't it?

Tiffany: Hey, you in the front, do you think you could feel pent-up rage properly as a real black man would?

Johnny Bob: Maybe if I think about someone I really dislike...

John: Well, if a black man can feel it, anybody can, including the higher apes. We oughta blind 'em all.

Jack: O.K. Books unlock men's minds. In that sense they are like keys to a box filled with unknown possibilities...

Johnny Bob: Well, let me see, sir. Once we get to the library maybe I'll have a look. Might do me some good.

Understanding can come in many ways. I'm not ruling out books, but men forget what's written down in books. That's why they write it down. But they never forget the lessons life learns them. Every morning when I shave myself I read the bumps and cuts of my whole life in the mirror. I remember how I got them. I remember. Only a stupid man needs a second lesson from a busted bottle. Well, sir, here we are at the library.

Jack: You know, for a man who probably has had virtually no formal schooling, this man displays an impressive degree of intelligence. You come into the library and see our books. Maybe they may have something to teach you, but I'm more than certain you have something to teach us... Hey! This isn't the fucking library! Where are you going, driver?

Driver: Just cruising, man. Cruisin' up to the hills. Mind if I put on some Dead?

Jack: Who authorized you to take Jimmy's place tonight?

John: This better be good or you're blind. **Mike:** He's not kidding. I saw him blind a canary once to make it sing better...

John: Like shit. It was for shitting on the settee. Talk, buddy, or you'll be driving on instruments.

Driver: Jimmy authorized me to take his place. Then he went to fuck that TV actress in the bushes. Black guys don't get a chance like that every week. At least not with woman stars who do most of their own stunts, including stumbles and dangerous double takes and spit takes.

Tiffany: Well, whose are you? Who are you supposed to be driving tonight? Where is the library from here, do you even know?

Driver: I'm not supposed to be driving anyone. I'm on parole for negligence. I was just walking up the road checking out the dashboard of parked cars for a pack of cigarettes when I run across your regular driver Jimmy. He was in a bit of a spot so I said I'd help him out. I got nothing against colored guys at all. Like they say, no colored guy ever called me a round-

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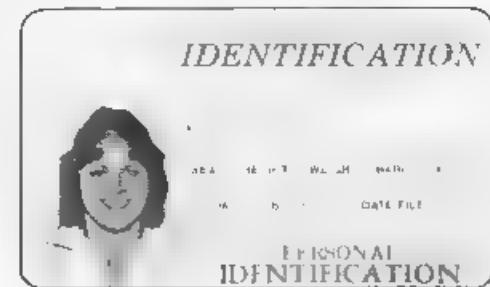
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eyed devil, like the Chinese in Korea.

Johnny Bob: Have a 'lude.

Driver: Thanks, pal. You a Deadhead? Good? Yeah. All right.

Johnny Bob: Listen, I hate these rat sacks. How about dropping me off here? Driver: I don't know about that, Injun brother. We're way up in the hills. Let you off here you might get jumped by psychopaths—don't know what they might do. Why don't you just string along with the rest of us until I drive off the cliff? I let you out first if you decide then you don't want to. (Johnny Bob looks hard at driver.) I can see you're one of the stubborn ones, all right. Your mind's made up and you're not about to change it. Well, you know what's best for you. Being an Indian and all, I can't expect to properly understand you. Well, I respect you just the same. (He slowed the car to a stop.) Don't none of the rest of you get out. I'd hate to shotgun you down and blow my state of mind to jagged shards. Stay right there where you are. Help yourself to the bar. It's free all night.

(Johnny Bob steps out and the driver pulls away. Turning back to face the Injun on the road, he lifts his beaded leather hat in a farewell salute.) Sorry you couldn't come along for the ride, Injun! Don't worry about a thing! (Johnny could hear his agent shout.)

Agent: (fading) Let me out! I'm his agent. He needs me. (The tailights fade shortly before the last whisper of the Grateful Dead. Johnny turned and began to walk slowly back down the canyon road.)

Right there is where the credits would have been rolled in a real Hollywood movie. But it was not a real Hollywood movie. It was a rehearsal. Developmental, experimental improvisation, scriptwriting and casting. He had been written out. Because he was an Indian, the driver had said. Maybe it was a car theft as well with the possibility of a little kidnapping and murderous intent. The possibility could not be ruled out. It may have been a joke. "Maybe they'll come back and give me a ride to the hotel." Johnny stumbled on dejectedly until he came to a lighted road, which led to a bigger road upon which taxicabs for hire presented themselves. The cabs were quick and unfamiliar with the practice of picking fares off the street. A worthy game. Johnny stalked carefully, watched and waited, and when the moment was right pulled one in with the effortless grace of his forest-born ancestors.

He swelled with a small, hard pride. Then, prodding at this knotted emotion, he discovered not an unsubstantial emotion but an assortment of diminutive liquor bottles containing assorted premixed cocktails. Happily that early Christmas morning he opened a Mr. Boston Margarita.

"My one weakness," he mumbled and drank the bottle. □



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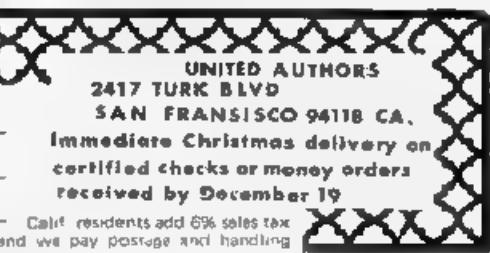
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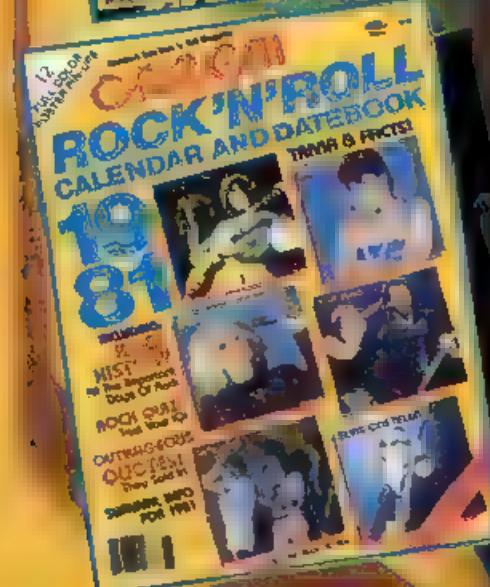
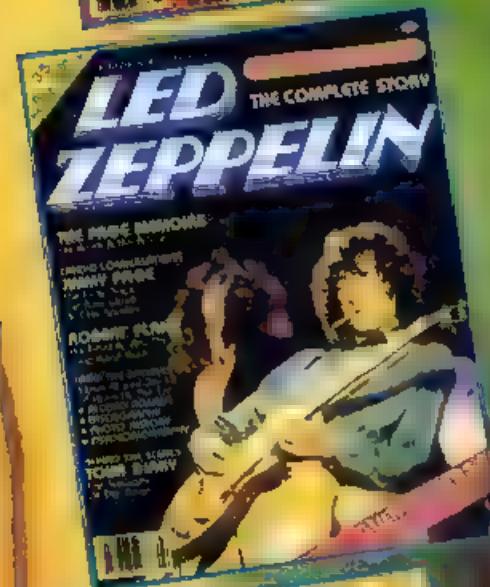
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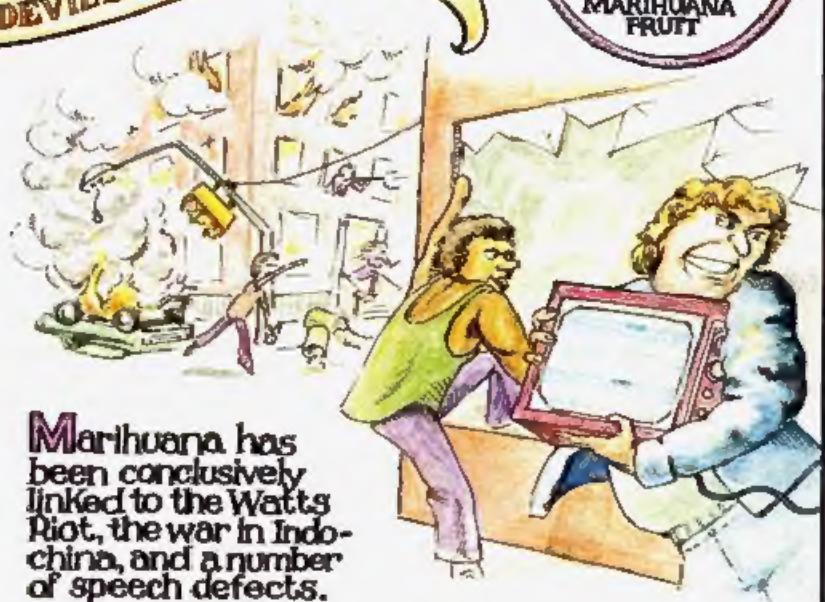
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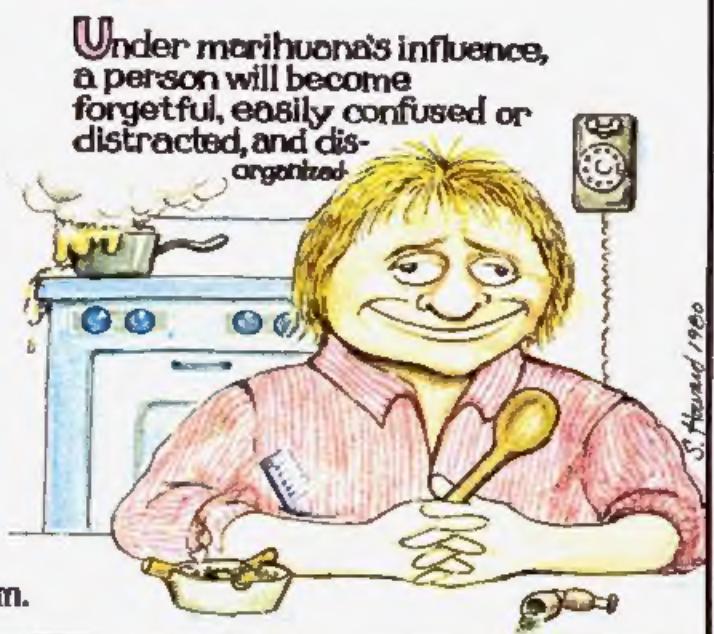
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S. Howard 1980

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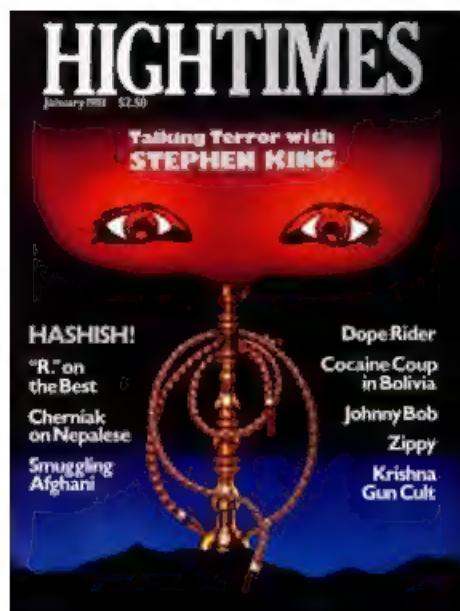
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